

# New York Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS  
AND SUMMER DAYS.

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## GRETCHEN'S LOVER.

BY FANNIE MERRILL.

Say! how and when will he come to me,  
Over the land or over the sea?  
Over the mountains or purpling Rhine?  
Moonlight or starlight, which will look down?  
Rose-wreath or snow-wreath, which will crown  
Our meeting, my own true lover's and mine?  
Will he think that my face is as sweetly fair,  
And praise the gold in my braided hair,  
And the wild-rose flush in my cheek of snow?  
Oh, surely he will say my eyes  
Are violets under April skies,  
As he often used in the Long Ago.  
Ah, little Gretchen, the world is wide,  
Lovers are fickle as wind and tide,  
And dusk eyes glow where violet eyes shone;  
Deep, passionate eyes and bronze-brown hair;  
Cheeks ripe crimson where yours are fair,  
And think'st thou man's heart beats for one  
alone?  
Oh, pure are the snow-wreaths drifting down;  
Pure is the face under rose-wreath crown.  
Ah, Gretchen, was life too many to live?  
Hast met at the last a lover true?  
Tenderest love life ever knew,  
Death—faithfullest lover life can give!

## Brave Barbara: FIRST LOVE OR NO LOVE.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE PATRONS.

A COOL gray sky, a velvet lawn, a group of young people amusing themselves at croquet. Half hidden in century-old elms, and younger maples whose leaves were already edged with the scarlet and gold of September, a country house, large, rambling, picturesque, and with some claims to elegance in the later additions. Such an old house is always interesting—half human, as it were, and characteristic.

There is wealth in this particular house, not of fine furniture, heavy silver, noble books and rare old engravings only, but also of history and associations—for Washington has looked through those small diamond panes in that quaint bow window, and Lafayette has dined from the pieces of old blue china sacredly preserved on the dark sideboard of the ample dining room. But it is not with by-gone things that we must interest ourselves—rather with the eager, palpitating young life, the strange events and heart-histories of this present generation—not with the inmates of the grassy graveyard which lies on ponder hillsides, and whose white headstones gleam through ancient and mossy trees—but with the gay group on the lawn, the click of whose mallets makes merry music in the quiet afternoon.

There was a girl there—sole heiress of the grand old place and descendant of a line of beautiful American women—the sight of whose face alone would make any spot attractive, it was so full of loveliness, youth, spirit, refinement. A peculiar face, of peculiar beauty; not altogether pleasing because too intense, too strong in character for the face of a girl of seventeen—but a face full of extraordinary promise of future life beauty, as well as of an original mind. A skin like velvet, dark, smooth and rich; a low handsome forehead, with straight, slender, black brows; a straight nose; a small, sweet, but spirited mouth, curved in the perfect line of beauty; a small, but firmly rounded chin; cheeks glowing with splendid health, but easily turning pale with the varying emotions of a passionate, ill-governed nature; and all lighted up by a pair of strange, unfathomable, piercing eyes, sometimes steel-blue, oftener a piercing black, but always surprising and fascinating, as they smiled or flashed fire from the deep covert of their dark lashes.

Barbara Rensselaer could not even play croquet like other young ladies, languidly and indifferently. She always tried to win; she became angry when she judged that her friends did not play fair; she infused the game with life and excitement; and when she was tired of it she threw down her mallet with the same decision with which she had taken it up. On this particular afternoon she had for a partner a lank, light-haired youth whom she despised. She had taken him with no more commendable motive than to make the young gentleman uncomfortable with whom she would have preferred to play. At last she had this person's ball at her mercy, and so she placed her little foot on it; she looked up at him with a sort of sparkling defiance in her dark eyes which meant far more to him than the fate of his ball.

"Do your worst," he said, bitterly, in a low tone which could not reach the ears of their companions; "you never spare me!"

"You are quite big enough and old enough to take care of yourself, Mr. Delorme," she returned, saucily; and, with a sturdy stroke, of which we would hardly suppose the small, soft hand capable, she sent his ball flying far beyond the limits of the croquet-ground proper. Then she looked up at him and laughed. He looked down at her and frowned. But the frown passed in a moment, and there was no shade of annoyance in the cool blue eyes which sought to read the girl's soul. As well seek to look to the bottom of a lake rippled by every passing breeze! Barbara's nature was deep—unfathomable, but any one might see the little clouds and dimples, the waves and shadows, which closed over its surface. Delisle Delorme was a



"Do your worst," he said, in a tone which could not reach the ears of their companions, "you never spare me!"

man of the world, and one who could do as he pleased with a great many people—especially with young and artless girls—yet Barbara had succeeded in puzzling and interesting him. He would have given, on that September afternoon, the marvelous great opal which burned on his little finger, and which had been presented to him by the Sultan of Turkey's own hand, to know whether this girl cared for him or not.

Did he care for her? It was almost as difficult for him to answer this doubt as the other. She teased, discomfited, bewitched, charmed, displeased him. He said to himself that she had a bad temper—that she was a coquette—a raw school-girl, too crude to please his fastidious taste, but also, that she was delightful, earnest, warm-hearted, beautiful, and would ripen into a superb woman. At all events—whether or not she loved him, whether or not he loved her—he had coolly determined to marry her.

He thought he could do it, for her father approved of it.

She knew that he thought so, and all that was obstinate in her high nature rose up in arms against his conceit.

It can be inferred that the wooing would not be of the softest.

"It is my money he is after," thought the haughty young beauty, as she laughed up in his face after sending his ball flying.

"I must be slow and cautious with her," thought the self-assured man, as he frowned back, and then smoothed the frown into a smile.

Before the game was completed, the sun had set, and a servant came out to say that tea was waiting to be served.

The gay party threw down their weapons and left the contest undecided. Barbara walked up to the house with the flaxen-haired youth; Delorme followed beside a tall, fair young lady, with eyes blue than his own and heavy braids and crimps of pale gold hair. Another young couple emerged from a summer-house, where they had been engaged in watching the evening boat to Albany pass up the river; another came wandering in from the swing in the grove—altogether, about a dozen young people entered the wide hall of the old mansion, and made their way to the pleasant tea-room; for when Barbara was at her father's country house, she would have plenty of company, and nearly all of these were guests of her own inviting.

Delisle Delorme was not. Her father had made the acquaintance of this gentleman through a mutual friend, and being uncommonly well pleased with his entertaining society, had invited him to visit Bellevue.

Bellevue was a commonplace name for the fine old Rensselaer homestead, but Lafayette had bestowed the cognomen, and its owners would not have changed it for the world.

The soft, golden glow of sunset deluged the quaint tea-room as the youthful party entered it, gilding the massive silver on the table, bringing out a smile from the faces of the dark portraits on the darker panels of the wall, and kissing the fair brows and rosy cheeks of the damsels who took their places at the early tea. A perfect halo crowned Barbara's dark hair, as she sat with her back to the mullioned window, pouring tea into the fragile, costly cups, worth their weight in gold, which two well-trained servants afterward passed to the gayly-chattering company.

Delorme's eyes were gray—not blue, as usual—and had something subtle in their sleepy look, as he watched, between half-closed lids, the beautiful young girl dispense hospitality.

The seat at the head of the table had been Barbara's since she was twelve years old—at that age she had lost her mother.

Her father had not yet returned from the city, whither he had gone in the morning on some unusual and pressing business which his daughter did not understand. There was no one at the table more maternally than the seventeen-year-old hostess, and the merriment, the graceful folly of the young people ran unchecked.

The innocent festivity was at its height, when a man-servant entered the room—John, the gray-haired *factotum*, butler, hall-attendant, and inspector-general of the other servants—who approached Mr. Delorme respectfully, begging pardon for disturbing him, but that a messenger who had come up from the station had asked that the telegram might be handed to Mr. Delorme.

At mention of the portentous word "telegram" all the bright young eyes were turned with absorbing interest upon the receiver of it—all save Barbara's. She was too high-bred, or too sensitive by nature, to scan the face of a person opening a letter or message; her eyes rested on the table; and she, alone, failed to see the creeping gray pallor which slowly overspread the reader's face as his quick glance ran along the strip of paper which he took from its yellow envelope.

At sight of the great change which came over the handsome face of Delisle Delorme, a feeling of chill fear and pity took possession of the merry party; but Barbara sat unmoved, the spell, until, pushing his chair back abruptly, he arose to his feet, and said in a voice which she would not have recognized had she not been looking at his ashen lips:

"I am sorry, Miss Rensselaer, to leave these gay friends and you, so abruptly—before—your father's return—but I must get the half-past-seven train into the city, and I have just six minutes in which to reach the station."

"If there was time, Andrew could bring 'round the buggy—"

"No, there is not time, thank you, John, will you find my hat? It may be—perhaps—I shall return here to-morrow. Tell your father so for me, please, Miss Rensselaer, and good-by—good-by, all," and almost snatching his hat from the old butler's hand, he hurried out from the pleasant, cheery room, with its wax-lights and its young faces. At the door he just turned for a single glance at one of that group of startled faces—Barbara's.

She started forward, saying, hurriedly:

"I trust you have no very ill news, Mr. Delorme?"

"I don't know how bad it is," was all he said, in a low, and then he darted through the hall, and out into the night, bearing with him the picture of Barbara's sweet, pale face as she asked the question; and along with it the madden-

ing thought that this might be the last time he should ever see it.

No wonder that, even in his fierce haste to catch the train, he had paused to throw one backward glance at that happy room and its beautiful young mistress, half-child, half-woman! Perhaps he should never see either of them again.

The frightened faces of the young people had scarcely regained their natural color, when Mr. Rensselaer returned, and was ushered by the butler into the tea-room, where a pair of soft arms and lips awaited to welcome him, to say nothing of hot tea and a spring chicken, fried delightfully brown.

"Where's Delorme, eh, young ladies?" asked the cheery old gentleman, as he looked about benignly while allowing himself to be petted and administered to.

"He received a telegram, papa—only about twenty minutes ago—and was obliged to catch the half-past seven train. He must have hurried immensely to get it."

"Sorry, sorry," murmured the old gentleman. "Was there bad news?"

"He did not tell us, papa. But he looked pale and worried. However, he left word for you that he might return here to-morrow."

"I hope it's nothing very bad then, Barbara. Young gentlemen, I trust you will be able to fully make up to the ladies for the loss of Delorme for a single evening—ha, ha! Delightful fellow, though, certainly—been everywhere—knows everything."

"Knows too much," muttered a certain sharp young lawyer, who, being desperately in love with Barbara herself, continually winced under the very palpable encouragement which her father gave to his rival.

No one heard this muttered innuendo, nor did any but the girl herself hear her parent as he continued, in her ear:

"Barbara, I must have a little private talk with you this evening. Set your guests to amusing themselves and then come to me, in my office, for a few minutes, will you?"

Mr. Rensselaer's office was a small room back of the library—in former days, when books were fewer, it had been the library—and it was through the diamond panes of this quaint, old-fashioned room, with its bow-window, that Washington had once looked. Here the owner of this large estate now transacted the business of the place. It seemed to Barbara that it must be something vastly grave and important which her father chose to say to her in this severe little room, with its leather furniture and its high desk. However, as soon as her company was well disposed of, some walking on the moonlit piazza—the moon had but just risen—some trifling at the piano, and one pair flirting over a book of prints, she glided through the lofty library into the smaller room, where her father sat in the deep, striped-backed arm-chair waiting for her, and lost in a reverie. Barbara drew a quaint little cricket to his feet, sat down on it, folded her dimpled hands over his knee, and looked up expectantly. Never a lovelier face was lifted to a father's smile than hers at that moment—so arch, so piquant, with the dark brows raised a little, expressing curiosity, the eager, bright eyes asking questions silently!—all that was dangerous, rebellious, defiant in

her strong character subdued and sleeping. The old gentleman put his hand fondly on the wavy black hair.

"Mr. Delorme and I had a conversation this morning before I went to town. What do you suppose it was about?"

"The currency, perhaps. You are always talking about the currency, papa, you know," was the sly answer, but the rich blood rushed into Barbara's cheeks and out again, leaving them pale.

"Wrong, this time, my daughter. We were talking about something almost equally interesting—about you, Barbara, as you very well know, only you are not inclined to help me say it! Mr. Delorme asked leave to pay his addresses to my daughter"—he paused, trying to read her face, but a baffling expression had come over it, and she made no remark. "I told him that I had no objection to his trying his luck. Was that right, Barba?"

"I suppose it was right on your part, papa; but I am sorry."

"Why? I have imagined that you liked Mr. Delorme."

"Whether I like him or not, I shall never marry him—if that is what he wants me to do."

"One of your obstinate fits, Barba? If so, I must warn him to wait until you have changed your mind."

"No, papa; not a naughty fit this time, but a settled determination, made on good grounds."

"Bless me, child! how wise and serious you are growing. State some of these 'grounds,' will you?"

"He is a stranger, papa; there is something about him which strikes me as not quite sincere—and, anyhow, I do not like Englishmen, and he is one"—she spoke rapidly in a low, troubled voice, as not liking to have to give reasons.

"He is far from a stranger, Barbara; I have seen his letters of credit and recommendation—yes, met and conversed with personal friends of his from England, who are themselves above suspicion, and who vouch for his respectability. As to his sincerity, I flatter myself I have had some experience with human nature, and I deem him to be one of the most ardent, sincere young men I have ever met. As to his being an Englishman—pshaw! are they not our brothers—and Delorme, certainly, is completely Americanized. I esteem his attentions to you creditable and flattering, Barba; for, proud as we are of our name, independent in fortune and position, this lover of yours, Delisle Delorme, bears an older, prouder name, inherits far vaster estates, and is in every other way worthy of my daughter, high as she holds her haughty little head. Barbara, I will whisper in your ear a secret. Delorme is the true but not the last and only name of your suitor. He is of a noble family, with but one person—and that person an epileptic, whose mind is rapidly failing under his bodily affliction—between him and an earldom! At present he remains in this country, concealing his name, claims and expectations, for good reasons, which he has confided to me. Rest assured that it is for no fault of his own that he seeks retirement—even disguise. It is an act of self-denial on his part performed solely in the interests of another. He has made everything plain to me; and the person her father thinks worthy of Barba's companionship, she shall be able to take on trust. Delisle Delorme is a sort of martyr, my dear, who has my sympathy. It would please me greatly if you could take a fancy to him."

He added, suddenly, after watching his daughter's pale face a few moments:

"I am worried at his having received a message this evening. I trust there is no more ill-luck in store for him—that he will return here to-morrow. And I hope, when he does return, that you, Barbara, will be kind to him."

Her head drooped; she remained silent; after some time she quickly kissed her father and sprang from the room, as if to escape the necessity for giving him any further answer.

### CHAPTER II.

A MANEUVERING MOTHER.

"Oh, I am so tired—so tired!"

A young man sat in an oriel window which overlooked one of the fairest bits of scenery in England. Immediately beneath the window was a "smooth-shaven lawn," in the midst of whose velvet greenery were set beds of flaming bloom—verbenas, carnations, and monthly roses. A fountain threw up a silver shower not far away; snowy statues revealed glimpses of their classic beauty from many a nook; beyond the lawn a fine old grove parted to show a sheet of lovely water, and beyond that were wooded hills, a dark purple-blue against a pale blue sky. Repose and beauty everywhere—everywhere the culture, the perfection which betrays the lavish use of money as well as of taste. The room in which the young man sat was a large and lofty chamber, on one side of which opened his bed and dressing-rooms. It was furnished with every conceivable luxury; and the walls and ceilings were an endless study of exquisite painting. A large and comfortable couch of crimson velvet was drawn up to one side of the window, and at the upper end of this the young man was sitting, or rather lounging, and looking listlessly off over at the purple hills and steel-blue water.

He was all alone in the room at that moment; the book he had been reading had fallen from his hand; an easel, with a landscape partly outlined on its canvas, stood not far away.

"I am so tired!" he murmured, despondently, while tears stood in his great black eyes. "I would give all I have to give—my fortune, my title—to be a healthy shepherd boy, tending sheep on yonder hills."



Yet to look at him you would have seen no evidence of ill-health, beyond a creamy paleness of the smooth, dark skin. He was singularly handsome; with dark hair and eyes, delicate, high-bred features, a graceful figure, feet and hands as small as a lady's. Nor was there the slightest deformity, nor any apparent disease. His slight air of languor looked more like the affected indolence of young men of his class than any proof of debility.

This was the young Earl of Dunleath, twenty-six, but looking not more than twenty-two years of age, with one of the longest, rent-rolls in the kingdom—with palaces in London and castles in England and Scotland—with miles upon miles of forests and moors for hunting, with lakes for boating and fishing—with power to do as he pleased with his large possessions—with youth, good looks, warm feelings—everything earth can bestow on a favorite son, except one thing—health. It was the story of Tantalus over again in a sad, sad shape. Whenever he reached out his hand to enjoy his possessions *the curse fell on him.*

"My poor boy! My poor Herbert! Cheer up. I have found an amusement for you, now, I am quite certain. The hours shall no longer drag which we spend at Dunleath—they shall fly, softly and happily."

The speaker, who came lightly into the apartment in time to hear the dreary words of her son, was a splendid-looking woman, of tall and commanding figure, snow-white hair, and eyes large, dark and bright as her boy's. The look she gave him betrayed the infinite love, the infinite compassion of a mother for the child who is unfortunate.

Sitting beside him she ran her shapely, jeweled fingers through his rippling, purple-black hair.

"I have invited a young lady to the castle, Herbert, and she arrived, with her father, just before luncheon. She is taking a rest in her room, now; when she is dressed for dinner I shall bring her in to see you."

"But you know I detest visitors, mother—young ladies of all others! You promised me we should be quiet here."

"So we shall—so we shall, dear," patting and caressing his head while she spoke. "This one is really no more than a little girl—quite a child. You will not feel with her as you would with a young lady out in society. She has seen very little of the world—is artless and full of spirit—and only a little over sixteen. I have asked her here for a few weeks, Herbert, in the hope and belief that you will like her and find her entertaining."

"Well, mother, I should have preferred to be left alone. What is her name, and who is she, since the deed is done?"

"It is Lady Alice Ross. You remember Lord Ross?"

"Oh, very well. I did not know he had a daughter."

"He has—and she is a sweet little creature. Poor thing! she has only her title. You can have no idea, Herbert, what straits Lord Ross is reduced. You know his son ruined him—the estates were small at the best—by betting at the Derby and high play, and, when nothing more was to be got out of his father, ran away to the United States and ended by cutting his throat in a hotel there. I believe the family jewels have been sacrificed to the support of the family since. Fortunately, there is only Lord Ross and this one daughter. How they get along we can only surmise. I do not believe the poor little thing will have anything better than a wash-muslin in which to come down to dinner. So, you see it is an absolute kindness to ask her here for a few weeks. I can be very motherly to her—and, perhaps, manage to replenish her wardrobe without her knowing but what her father paid for the things."

"It's all very well, mother, if she doesn't bore me."

"Well, well, if she *does* I will keep her out of your way. But I expect her to prove a nice companion for you, darling."

"I am not a baby, mother, to be amused by another little child."

"I know that, Herbert, but a bright, healthy, laughing young girl, without any airs or artifices, will do you good."

"No, she will not. She will only annoy me, mother. If I could go off on a hunting expedition, now, to Scotland—that would amuse me," querulously.

"You shall go, darling. I have been talking with Jackson about it. He is certain it can be managed. He will go along, of course, and have charge of you. But it will not be the season for two months yet. Meantime you must amuse yourself some other way. Promise me, my dear, that you will not fly out in any tempers before Lady Alice. She is such a timid child, you would frighten her."

"Perhaps it would amuse me to frighten her," answered the earl, with a curious laugh in his large eyes.

"Now, Herbert, be good," said his lady-mother, coaxing him as she would a very small child. "In about half an hour I shall bring Lady Alice to see you. I must go now to make my own toilet. Do you think you will come down to dinner?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Good-by, till I come again."

The haughty countess kissed her son again before she swept out of his apartment to make a grand toilet in her own.

Haughty and reserved toward the world—perhaps the more so that she had to hide as well as possible the traces of a twenty years' heartache—the stately lady was neither cold nor reticent to her unhappy son—her only child—sole heir of all the splendors of Dunleath, on whose frail shoulders had fallen the weight of her husband's mantle, too magnificent to be worn by one so cursed of Fate.

Of a high, ambitious nature, her hopes of her son had received a terrible shock. Not only was it impossible for him to claim his seat in parliament among his peers, but it began to grow very possible and probable that the young earl would die without having married and left an heir. In that case the noble title and estates would pass to a cousin of his whom the countess had no reason to love. Rather than see that man step into her boy's place it seemed to the prejudiced and bitterly-repeating woman that she would do anything—suffer anything.

Every year brought Herbert nearer to the edge of the early grave which awaited him. He did not seem to care to marry—even if any of the high-born and lovely girls in his own rank of life would have accepted his hand, which was doubtful. The countess fully realized how things were going, and resolved, in her desperation, to save the title and estates, if she could not save her son. The physicians had assured her that he would never live to see his thirtieth birthday. In the short time remaining to him he must marry and have an heir.

Delorme Dunleath, the man she hated, should never be the Earl of Dunleath! He would be disappointed of that expectation! Wretched solace to a mother's aching heart! yet, such as it was, it was her only comfort.

This visit of Lord Ross and his daughter which the countess had so artfully announced to Herbert, was the result of long and hard thinking on her part. Lord Ross was poor enough to accept a bribe—to sell his child, Lady Alice was young enough to be made a victim. There was the result of her cogitations in a nut-shell.

In less than an hour the countess returned to her son's apartment. She had Lady Alice with her; but, before she would admit her, she reconnoitered, to see that all was in fair order; for it was not always that the earl was in a fit state to receive company. It was the sunset hour; the large room was full of a golden light; the young earl was leaning in an embrasure of the window, gazing, with a rapt, melancholy air, at the broken column of gold which was flung across the lake, visible between vistas of ancient oaks and graceful beeches.

The proud countess took the timid young girl by the hand and led her in.

"Herbert, my son, this is Lady Alice Ross."

The mother saw, with pleasure, that Herbert was looking his best; and, what was more, that his fine eyes kindled as they rested on the maiden by her side—kindled with surprise, admiration, and a sudden light of life which she had not seen in them for a long time.

Lady Alice was very simply dressed—in a wash-muslin, as the countess had inferred—with only a string of pearls about her whiter neck, and a rose in her hair; and her manners were as girlish as her dress. Yet she seemed to have brought all that glory into the room. She had such a sweet smile, such dove-like, soft brown eyes, such a lovely face! Her hair rippled along her low, fair forehead, "brown in the shadow and gold in the sun." She looked at the young earl with a troubled, sweet, sympathetic look, that melted into a merry smile, as she said, archly:

"I thought I was to be introduced to an invalid."

"Oh, I am not always ill. A good part of the time I am as well as any one," answered the earl, quickly. "My mother did not tell you what was the matter with me, Lady Alice?"

"With a jealous, vexed intonation, which the countess understood."

"Oh, no. She said that you were not strong, and were confined to your room more than was pleasant."

"That is true. I hope you will take pity on me, and help me to wile away some of the tedious hours."

"If the countess allows it I shall only be too happy."

This said with ardor, would have been art or affectation with most young ladies; but the sincere air of Lady Alice thrilled the "early soul of the invalid with keen delight. He sat looking at her, not endeavoring to suppress the admiration he felt; looking at her sunny hair, into her brown eyes, and even at the soft folds of her white muslin falling about her slender figure."

Lady Alice was so sorry for him! She was too artless to hide her innocent interest; though, truly, she could not discover in the handsome young earl any traces of illness. So they chatted a few moments; and then a servant knocked to say that dinner waited to be served, and to ask if his master, the earl, would come down or dine in his apartments.

"I will come down, Sir," said his young master, cheerily.

He attempted to rise; but Lady Alice, who was looking at him smilingly, saw a slight twitching of the muscles of his face.

"My dear child, we will leave Herbert to come when he chooses"—the countess spoke in an altered tone, almost clutching Lady Alice by the arm and hurrying her across the floor and out into the corridor. "The earl is nervous to-night," she added, apologetically, when they were out of his apartment, "and I think it best he should remain where he is. Wait one moment, and I will tell him so."

She darted back into the room, closing the door after her.

In less than a minute she came out, saying, calmly:

"Now, if you please, I am ready."

The dim light of the corridor hid her paleness from her young companion, who went gayly by her side to the sumptuous dinner, with an appetite unspoiled—she had not seen the Earl of Dunleath rolling on the floor, with clenched hands, staring eyes and pale lips wet with foam—she had not seen youth, beauty and strength in the agonizing spasms of epilepsy.

Nor did the countess intend the young girl to see that blazing sight, if vigilance could prevent it, until she saw it as the wife of the unhappy sufferer!

#### CHAPTER III. WHO WAS SHE?

In one of the private parlors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, a lady awaited impatiently the coming of the one for whom she had sent, and who could not possibly arrive, by the closest calculation, before half-past nine. It was nearly that now, as she ascertained, by consulting for the fiftieth time the tiny watch, glistening with jewels, which she drew from her belt.

This lady had arrived from a Liverpool steamer that afternoon, and had registered on the books as Mrs. Courtenay, London, England. Good luck had attended her in the first hour of her visit to a strange land; a curious accident had prevented a long, weary, perhaps useless search, and placed in her hand the fact of which she was in search. As she had stood a few minutes in the rotunda of the hotel, giving to a clerk some directions about baggage, rooms, and so forth, two young swells standing near, conversing together, had caught her quick ear by the mention of a name.

"So, Deloise Delorme is still out at Bellevue, is he?—I don't wonder that he lingers in that delightful retreat! never was a lovelier girl or a greater 'catch' than old Rensselaer's daughter. Have you ever met her, Charles?"

Mrs. Courtenay immediately turned to the two young gentlemen.

"Pardon me a thousand times, gentlemen, but I hear you mention the name of a friend of mine, Mr. Delorme, whose address I have unfortunately lost. I am Mrs. Courtenay, of No. 1000 Terrace Row, Belgravia, London—an intimate friend of Mr. Deloise Delorme's. May I ask you to do me the great favor to write down his present address for me? and when she retired to her rooms for a little rest and seclusion after the fatigue of the sea voyage, she had a card on which was written the address which a marvelous good fortune had thrown into her hand."

The message which she had dispatched from the telegraph office in the hotel, previously to taking her bath and ordering a dinner to her parlor at seven, hardly contained anything on the surface which need have so disturbed its recipient, and sent him off, at night, to the city in hot haste, despite the fascination of Barbara Rensselaer, which would have held him at Bellevue; it was simply this:

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, Parlor No. —  
Mrs. Courtenay has arrived from London, and will be pleased to receive a call from Mr. Delorme at his convenience.

Yet the lady must have known the power of those simple words to bring him, or she would not then have been watching with such restlessness for his arrival—sitting, rising, walking about, looking every minute at her watch.

She was a woman who, at first glance, was generally mistaken to be twenty-six or eight years of age; but who, on closer inspection, was suspected of being several years older—perhaps even thirty-five, in those unguarded moments when the youthful smile had given place to lines of care or weariness.

She was very pretty, with a certain made-up kind of prettiness. She had a slight figure; a very small waist, hands and feet; plenty of hair, with a golden tinge and frizzled in fashionable style; fine hazel eyes, and a very fair, delicate complexion. She wore her clothes with the grace of a Frenchwoman; and had those hundred tricks of eyes, voice and manner which please and attract men—at least, at first sight.

The tiny hands of her watch marked precisely half-past nine when a knock sounded on the door. For a brief instant she pressed her hand to her heart before calling out in a clear, sweet voice, free from any tremor, "Entrez." The waiter entered.

"Vivian!"

"Delorme!"

That was all either said at first. They stood looking at each other, both pale—she beseechingly—he furiously.

At length she made a motion as if to throw herself about his neck; he waved her off.

"You swore not to follow me," he said.

"I know it. I kept my word as long as I could. Only think, I kept it two years, Delorme!"

"A long while, truly, for you to keep faith," he sneered.

"I hoped you had grown kinder by this time, Delorme—that you had forgiven me, and—perhaps—would take me back."

"You hoped nothing of the kind, Vivian. You could not expect it! You know that there is not a viper which crawls on the surface of the earth the sight of which could be as hateful to me as the sight of your face. When this life and the next come to an end, then, and not till then, will I forgive you."

"Oh, Heaven! how hard you are, Delorme. Unnatural! Surely, my crime was not so great! Women have done far worse things than deceive as I deceived you. There are more shameful deceptions than that! And I did it because I was so fond of you, Delorme," weeping.

"So fond of me that you cursed my boyish life with a deadly weight which dragged it down—down; and from which even my manhood cannot entirely free itself. That was kindness—that was fondness of the devil's own kind!"

"I did not mean it to hurt you; you know that. I thought only of myself—of my life!"

"Hush! Do you suppose I care to listen to the old riddle? I dare say you are out of money, and have come for a fresh supply. You have extravagant habits, madam."

A sudden red light leaped out of her hazel eyes, drying the tears in them; she lifted her drooping head and looked him full in the face, not blanching before his stony frown; slowly she drew a pocket-book from her dress, holding it toward him.

"In this book you will find all the money you gave me two years ago—every pound of it—two thousand pounds in all. Delorme, if you need money, take it—I shall never use it. No, it was not for this trash I sought you out; it was for something which I will have, unless you treat me more like a human being, Delorme."

"What?"

"Revenge."

She spoke the ugly word very dryly, and in a low voice. It did not sound very badly, as she said it; yet, therefore, it may have meant more than Delorme was aware of.

Men are apt to "smile superior" when women speak such words; Deloise Delorme did so when he heard it.

Yet his heart sunk dully down, despite his sneering smile. The fragile woman before him certainly had it in her power to do him deep and terrible injury—had, in years past, done him such injury, and had still the strength left to inflict harassing wounds. He had depended on her will not to hurt him—had believed her feeling toward him—her proposed remorse—would rather urge her to aid than to injure him; yet here she confronted him, threatening revenge!

"Oh, you smile," she said, coldly and bitterly.

"I do not feel like smiling," he answered, now calmly, forcing himself to adopt a softer tone toward her; "I feel unhappy to see you here, Vivian—to feel that you will never do, for long, what you promised—let me alone. And I pity you. I pity a woman who is capable of inflicting such wrong as you did on me, of talking of revenge. It is I who should pray for revenge! Yet, did I ever repay your crime with anything like revenge, Vivian?"

"No—and yes. You have not struck, beaten me or starved me; but you have punished me with refinement of cruelty which has inflicted worse than physical torture. That is done with! I feel anew, and that I once more meet your eye and hear your voice, that I need never hope for different—"

"Never! you say well. How could you expect it?"

"Different treatment from you. The trodden worm will turn to sting the foot of its tormentor. If I yet learn, after all these years, to hate you, Delorme, it will be your fault. You are not married yet, I infer?" she suddenly added, with a change of manner.

"Married!" he echoed, bitterly, and as if surprised.

"I overheard some gentlemen in this hotel speaking of you. They were saying that you were paying attention to a beautiful young lady at the place where I telegraphed you. I have the address here in my book."

The reddish-brown eyes watched his countenance as she said this; Delorme made a great effort to keep his color and affect his indifference; but he was sensible that he flushed and paled under the vigilant eyes of his lady companion. Something like an oath struggled to his lips, but he kept them closed.

That she should have gained a knowledge of his whereabouts, the very day she set foot in this country, was bad enough; but to have also an inkling of his most secret purpose—to know just where to go and what to do to annoy, injure, destroy him most effectually—this, indeed, was beyond mere aggravation. If she had been a worm and he could have set foot on her, then, and crushed her, he would have been tempted to do it.

Several moments of silence followed.

Then she added, as softly as a cat purrs:

"I do not blame you for that, Delorme. I expected it long ago. Only I think it would only be fair to the young lady to tell her everything. You will do that, I suppose?"

"What are you talking about, madam?" was his rough answer.

"Sit down, Delorme," pushing a chair toward him. "Have you no questions to ask about England and people you know there?"

"I do not care to compromise myself by calling on you too late in the evening, Vivian. What more have you to say? I can spend only a few minutes longer here to-night."

"You do not even ask after the child, Delorme! Little Walter sent his love and a kiss to you, though."

There was a quiver of emotion in the man's voice as he replied:

"You know that I never forget him, night or day. But I do not care to talk with you about him. How is he getting along?"

"Splendidly. He is with the Reverend Mr. Brown now, and has lessons regularly. Mr. Brown says the boy has unusual talent."

"He is as well placed as possible, then. I am glad he is in good hands—a man's hands. Is there anything particular you care to say to me to-night, madam?"

His air was polite, but repelling, as to a stranger, of whom he wished to rid himself as smoothly as possible. The passionate nature of the woman raged under this treatment; she stood silent, her breast heaving, her hazel eyes almost seeming to emit sparks.

"If you have nothing to say to me, I have nothing to say to you, Delorme. Why did you come all the way here—leaving your beautiful young lady—in response to my telegram?"

"To give you money, if you needed it."

"And because you were afraid of me. You thought best to ascertain my temper toward you."

"No. I am done with that business," wearily, "done with studying your tempers, Vivian. You must act now as God, or the devil, gives you grace. I shall neither coax nor threaten. Persecute me to the full of your will if that is your purpose. And good-night. I cannot stay longer."

With a slight bow, he was gone. Mrs. Courtenay looked at the door which had shut between them, as if she could hardly believe that it would re-open. Delorme, retiring in this dignified manner, without threats or solicitations, had taken the surest way to disarm her boiling anger.

"Oh!" she cried, with a sort of dry sob, throwing herself into a chair with a gesture of despair. "He can do with me as he pleases. He is the same as ever. When I am away from him I want to kill him—in his presence I can only be his slave."

"But he shall not put down my purpose with his grand airs. I came here to prevent his marrying, and I will prevent it. So long as he was satisfied with a free life I was satisfied to let him have his way. But now!—I must see this young heiress—this lovely American girl—at least, at a distance."

"He will come back to-morrow and try to persuade me to go back without saying anything—without trying to see her—I will play with him—make him fawn—beg! For, haughty as he is, he is surely in my power."

This was the only thought out of which the poor creature could get any satisfaction—"he is in my power." Over that, such as it was, she made an effort to exult. But the pleasure to be got out of such a thought is a wretched sort of pleasure. She grew more pale and haggard as she sat there, with clenched hands, thinking; and, as her restless fancies wrought their work with her features, she grew old under their touch—a careworn, faded, *passé* woman.

It was a full hour before she aroused herself; then, her eyes falling on the pocket-book containing the two thousand pounds—which she had let fall on the floor during her interview with Delorme—she picked it up, rung for the clerk, and gave her money and jewelry to him to be locked in the safe.

Two thousand pounds in drafts, a purse containing two hundred guineas in gold, jewelry to the value of so many more guineas, was what she gave into the clerk's care; and he, of course, was correspondingly impressed with the importance of the lady.

(To be continued.)

#### ENCHANTMENT.

BY F. X. HALIFAX.

The clouds upon the mountain top  
Are very fair, I wist;  
But when we touch the summit,  
Are naught but vapor and mist.

The sail upon the ocean  
Is very fair to see;  
But when it comes in harbor,  
Is not so fair to thee.

Oh! Distance, thou art wondrous;  
Thou hast a magic charm  
To make the mountain summits  
And the ocean bright and warm.

Oh! cloud, be always lovely!  
Sail, be forever bright!  
But come not into harbor—  
Oh! come not from your height!

### Little Volcano, THE BOY MINER; OR, The Pirates of the Placers.

A ROMANCE OF LIFE AMONG THE LAWLESS.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,  
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S EYE," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER XV.

A NIGHT WITH THE TIGER.

THERE was murder in the boy miner's heart as he sprang toward the couple who had so rudely shattered his brief dream of love. There was no room for doubt. Night though it was, the nearly full moon shone down upon the scene with sufficient brilliancy to reveal that lithe, graceful form—so lately reclining upon his breast—now yielding to the caresses of another. Her face was cast into the light; he knew that it was some other than Mary Morton.

The second figure he did not note so distinctly, since a broad-brimmed felt hat cast his face into the shadow; he saw a tall, well-built figure—nothing more.

At his cry they vanished like magic, nor could he find trace of either as he madly rushed to and fro. Had he been less excited, the case might have been different; but when the thought of intercepting Mary by watching the house struck him, it was too late.

Then the reaction came. Stunned, dazed, stupefied by his terrible awakening, Little Volcano groped his way to the rude cabin where he and Zimri Coon made their headquarters.

The old man started to his feet as the boy entered, and for a moment he feared the worst as the young man sunk upon the bunk.

"Gif me a drink—quick—I'm choking!" said Little Volcano, in a hoarse, strained voice, then

eagerly clutching the proffered flask of whisky, he drained its contents at one gulp.

Old Zimri stared in open-mouthed amazement. Never since their acquaintance began had he known the boy miner to do more than moisten his lips with liquor, until now.

"Never you mind, old boy," cried Little Volcano, tossing the empty flask aside, with a disagreeable laugh. "Every dog must have its day, and this is mine. You've only seen me in my Sunday-school dress—but if you follow my lead to-night, maybe you'll find out why they gave me my nickname. I'm on it, to-night, bigger'n a wolf!"

Coon could not help seeing that something strange had occurred to this excited his young friend, but pretended not to notice it, save by falling in with his humor, the better to get control of him. But Little Volcano—on whom the heavy draught of liquor had produced no other effect than to make his eyes brighter and his voice sharper and his wits the keener—laughed again.

"That's played, old man. I'm no blessed baby—nor are you my nurse. I've played good boy long enough; now I'm going to give the devil a benefit or bust something. You can come along, too, if you feel like having some fun. We'll take in Long Tom's first—"

"Think better on it, boy—do, now," earnestly entreated Zimri. "You ain't well—I kin see it in your eyes. Jest lay down an' take a snooze—"

"Drop it, old man—you might as well save your breath. I know the whole story—that there are a dozen fellows likely to be there who'd like nothing better than to stick a bit of steel under my hump ribs—and I feel just like giving 'em the chance, too. But—there. I make you my heir—stow that bit of paper away some place—then come on."

Zimri Coon carefully secured the precious chart in his bosom, then followed Little Volcano in silence, realizing how vain would be any further words. He felt a premonition of coming evil. He knew that the boy miner had made many enemies, and felt sure that, in his present condition, he would only too surely give them the opening they watched for. He had learned to love the boy, brief as had been their acquaintance, and now he followed him, doggedly enough, but with a quiet determination to keep at his elbow through thick and thin—to guard him with his own life, if need be.

Long Tom's gambling rooms were free to all. There were no closed doors, no vigilant porters, no secret passwords. Everybody gambled in those days. A professional gambler was regarded as a respectable member of society, unless he was detected in some foul play—running a brace game of faro, or the like.

There was little attempt at "putting on style" at Long Tom's. The building was composed of rough slabs, forming one large square room fitted up with two faro lay-outs, one table for monte, another occupied by a roulette wheel, while the center of the room afforded room for several tables sacred to the votaries of poker.

Each table was furnished with decanters of whisky, from which those who chose helped themselves without charge. The only attempt at ornament visible was a large wooden chandelier, suspended from the ceiling in the center of the room, supporting a dozen oil lamps. This was a light and really beautiful piece of carving—the work of a grateful bumner whom Long Tom had picked from the gutter and set upon his legs again.

Little Volcano entered and glanced around the room. Long Tom in person was dealing at one of the faro tables, and toward this one the boy miner strode. Pouring out a full glass of liquor he swallowed it, then slipped into a vacant seat. The dealer's face changed not, but a quick glimmer in his cold eye told that he had marked the new-comer.

Sleepy George also noticed them, and his eyes filled with a dull glow meaning evil to the two friends. He muttered a few words to a young man, who soon after glided through the crowd, whispering some short instructions to five or six fellows. No one seemed to notice these movements; those who were not playing having eyes only for the game of others.

The gathering around the table where Long Tom was dealing soon doubled that of any other. And close beside Little Volcano and Zimri Coon were the men who seemed to be acting under Sleepy George's orders. If Long Tom divined what was going on his stony face gave no evidence of it. His entire attention seemed given to his dealing.

The boy miner had a fair knowledge of the game and its rules, and played boldly, though in good judgment. The liquor he drank appeared only to steady his nerves and cool the fever in his blood. Zimri chuckled silently as he saw this, and



this outfit, and intend to run it decently just as long as I can pull trigger or hold a toothpick. If there is any dispute go outside and settle it like gentlemen should—but I'll not have any pulling hair or scratching faces in here."

"If Mr. Laughing Dick is agreeable I'll step outside and argue the matter with him," coolly said Little Volcano, as he pushed his checks over to be cashed.

But evidently this wasn't just what Sleepy George was after. He pulled Laughing Dick aside, and when the boy miner passed to the door the gambler was not far behind.

The miners who had sided with Little Volcano set up a wild yell at this, and nothing would do but they must go back and celebrate the bloodless victory of their little bantam in a drink of whisky. Zimri Coon in vain tried to draw Little Volcano away with him.

"No—that dog in yonder lied to me. He knew well enough the bet was mine. I'm going to bust his bank, or leave what I won. You can go home."

"Not without you, little 'un," quietly interrupted Coon. "I said I'd see you through, an' so I will."

Returning to his seat Little Volcano recommenced his game, and as he played heavily before he doubled the stakes now. Even the steel-like nerves of Long Tom, veteran gambler as he was, seemed a little unstrung as bet after bet was won by the boy miner. Only he and one other were playing—a bushy-bearded man in a long cloak, who also bet with a cool nerve.

At first the game ran steadily in Little Volcano's favor; then it began to fluctuate. Zimri privately whispered to his partner that he suspected foul play, but if so it was so adroitly managed that even his keen, well-trained eyes could not detect it.

It was the last turn of the cards. Little Volcano placed his stake upon the nine spot. At the same time a bag of dust was dropped upon the tray. The card was drawn—the nine won. And, as before, a hand forswore Little Volcano. But it remained upon the pile. Quick as a flash a bowie-knife was driven through flesh and bone, sinking deep into the table, and Sleepy George gave a howl of mingled pain and anger.

Two knives were leveled at the young man's back. Zimri warded off one blow. The cloak-clad stranger knocked the second assassin down, as he felt he tore off the bushy beard, revealing a dark, handsome face only too well known to many present.

"Joquin—Joquin! Shoot him—kill him!" With a shrill laugh the outlaw flung his chair at the chandelier, instantly destroying the lights. Little Volcano sprang up, only to sink back again, stricken down by a foul blow from behind.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## ZIMRI COON'S PHILOSOPHY.

"LORD! what's the use? Not a dog-gone bit! Ef a feller's lucky, he'll git just so high—then he'll come to a greasy spot which 'll make 'im slip clean down ag'in; or ef he holds on tight, some unlickier cuss at the bottom 'll grip his coat-tails an' haul 'im down to his own level—or bust somethin'." Ef Luck comes an' squats right down in a feller's lap, ter to one he'll git mad 'cause she don't pay out fast enough, an' like a pesky darn fool, he'll keep foin' round ontel he turns her bottom side up, or she gits mad an' gives 'im the dirty shake, kickin' the blame fool furder down than he ever was afore—easy, boy—kinder easy, that!

"That's a case in point. Take the boy. He gits on a bust. He goes to buckin' ag'in' faro. That's all right. I do it myself once in a while, or oftener. But he—see! Luck! 'Twas like his dealin' jest to suit hisself. That was whar the luck come in—plum, just-class stud-hoss Luck! Then was the fuss, which giv' him a good excuse to draw out, some thousand's ahead. Ef he'd quit then—but no—thack he goes ag'in, an' what comes on 'im! Jest pizen bad luck—nothin' shorter. He gits knocked on the head, loses every darn cent, an' 'woud 'e lost more, only I managed to drag 'im out an' tote him here on my shoulders—got a dig in the hump, too—stings like—"

A faint moan came from the lips of Little Volcano, and the old man's soliloquy ceased as he bent anxiously over his patient. As he said, the boy miner had received a severe blow upon the head, with some blunt instrument, during the confusion which followed Joquin's bold action. It was plain that Sleepy George's friends had done their best to carry out his plans. The lad's shirt pocket was gone—torn or cut off, and with it his note-book, in which the thief probably hoped to find the chart. At the expense of a flesh-wound, Zimri Coon had carried his senseless friend out from the struggling crowd and over the hill to a secure covert, expecting search would be made as soon as the thieves found out their mistake.

Little Volcano sat up and stared around him. In the faint light of the moon he did not at first recognize Coon.

"Praise the Lord! little 'un—'tain't as bad as I begun to think. You skeered me—yas, I was bad skeered, an' I don't shame to own it. You lay so like a stuck hog—"

"My head hurts," muttered Little Volcano, wincing, as his hand touched the bleeding wound.

"That's most gen'ally the case when a feller gits the hull gable end knocked off o' him. You got a pizen nasty clout—'it sorter glanced, or you'd bin cold meat afore now. They ain't no bones broke, I'm pritty sure. You'll be all right in the mornin', 'less 'tis fer a headache. Take off your hankerchief—so. 'Tain't the fust broken pate I've had the doctorin' of. They ain't no water here—whisky's too scarce—so I can't wash you up mighty nice. But then I don't reckon you want to go courtin'—eh? did I hurt ya, little 'un?" he asked, as Little Volcano winced.

"No—tell me all about it." But he did hurt—not the wound upon the head. Those chance wounds brought back all the black despair and bitter pain of the past evening, until, young and full of life as he was, the boy miner asked himself whether it had been better had he died where he fell beneath that treacherous stroke.

"They mean business, chuck up," added Zimri. "That's why I bring you here 'stead o' takin' you to the shanty. Ef 'e spect to ever git any good out o' this bit o' paper, we hain't got no time to fool round here. Things is gittin' kinder onethatly. That Sleepy George—durned fool—made it I didn't let the grizzly chaw 'im up! He must 'a' heard the hull yarn, an' he's bin tellin' a part o' it to suit hisself. They's bin right smart talk 'bout you an' Joquin's gang; they'll be more a'ter this night—fer he tuck your part back thar. 'Pears to be like we'd better be lookin' up some other stamp-in' ground."

"I've done nothing wrong—I'll not snake away from their suspicions as though I were a criminal," muttered Little Volcano.

"No more would I—ef they gits up on thar ear, why we'll jest wade in an' clean out the hull dog-gone outfit—we will so! But—though

we kin do it, easy—s'pose we wait a bit first. Let's go try fer this pile o' gold. I'm clean busted—an' I hain't time to take in your pile afore I puckercheed—"

"Anything—anything. I'll do just as you advise," interrupted Little Volcano, wearily.

"Then the fust thing is for you to lay down an' take a snooze. I'll go back to the shanty an' git some things we can't well do without. Don't you stir ontel you hear me comin'. You won't try to play no tricks on a feller?"

"Never fear, old fellow. When I go back there, I'll take you along to see fair play. There are several persons in town I am in debt to—and when I pay up, somebody's going to have a benefit, sure as you're a foot high!"

Renewing his caution, Zimri Coon noiselessly glided away, promising soon to return. But his absence was a good deal longer than he anticipated. Hard Luck was all afoot, lights flashing here and there, men rushing in every direction. The disturbance at Long Tom's had culminated in a free fight; pistols and knives were freely used—two men being killed and a dozen more injured. Added to this the cry that Joquin was in town quickly spread. The members of the vigilance committee—or Man-Hunters, as they may justly be termed—were called together by Sheriff Hayes, and hot search was made for the bold outlaw. As might have been expected, this was fruitless. Murietta had long since left the town, and was then miles away safe upon the back of his noble black.

From the hillside Zimri Coon saw all this, and it was an hour before he ventured down to his cabin. Once there five minutes sufficed, and, bearing a light pick, shovel and couple of pans, he made the best of his way back to where he had left Little Volcano. He found the boy miner awake, brooding over what had occurred. And then, yearning for sympathy, Little Volcano told him the whole truth.

"I knowed it!" muttered Zimri, disgustedly. "I said so from that fust day—when I fust set eyes on you two, I sais, 'sais I—'Thar's the little 'un's everlastin' happiness or his 'tarnal pizen!' I did so! But I knowed what young blood was, an' so I held my hush. I knowed you wouldn't listen to reason then; I knowed it, 'cause I've bin thar mysself! You needn't grin, little 'un. I'm a tough old dornick now, but the time was when I was as young an' soopie an' piert an' fit fer to bust a young female gal's heart clean to flinders as you be—I was—"

"But I got my eyes opened—got laid out flat—ter'n a feller tryin' to tickle a mule's gable end with a jimson bug!" He was the ace of trumps, ye might say, in our part; better off then the rest o' us, an' put on more style—they did! But Meely—I got stuck on her bad! She soon found it out—was mighty 'r'dly when we was alone together. I used to go fer her lips wuss'n a b'ar up a honey tree—an' she stood it like a little man, too. That used to set me red-hot—an' didn't I tease her fer to name the day when we could git hitched? She a'ways brung up the old squire as a excuse—he was too high-toned fer the likes o' me to get his d'ar ter easy. Finally she 'sented to 'lope with me—as she called it—but she said we must use strategy. I sca'ely knowed what that meant, but I was so dead gone, I loved whatever she said must be right, so she fixed it all up. I was to dress up as old aunt Sally—a nigger woman they used to own. An' durned ef I didn't do it, too! I put on the duds, blacked up an' all. I was to call at the house fer her, so's to help kerry her bundles. She met me. The things was in the house, she said; all the f's was to be, so thar wouldn't be no danger. I follered her in; she left me in the dark fer a minnit. Then she come back with the light. Fust thar was a suicker, then thar was a yell an' a haw-haw! The room was chuck full o' wimmen an' gals, all a-sportin'—an' Meely was the wuss tickled o' the bunch. I puckercheed. Went right through the winder. Didn't stop to say good-by, nuther."

"That was my fust an' last tempt at courtin'. Wimmen is mighty good things—I don't say nothin' ag'inst 'em. Ef 'twasn't fer them, I don't reckon thar'd be many folks a-livin' now. An' sence they're here somebody's got to marry 'em, I 'spose. But this is my idee. Thar's a heap o' fellers in the shape o' men as is so pesky mean an' 'tarnal no-account that ef they was run through a rollin' mill an' then spread out fer manure, not even a cuckle-burr or jimson weed would grow 'thin a mile o' the place. Them's jest the kind as is fit fer 'jainin' to the wimmen. That's what natur 'tended 'em fer." How much further the cynical Zimri would have gone, can only be surmised, for he found that Little Volcano had dropped asleep, and so he relapsed into silence lest he should disturb the lad's repose. Put by the first break of dawn they were up and away. Only pausing once to eat a mouthful of cold corn bread and bacon, they kept on through the day, heading for the gold placer. Little Volcano seemed more like himself, though at times he would sink into gloomy fits from which it took all Zimri's powers of talking to arouse him. And so the first day and night passed away.

They went into camp near the middle of the afternoon, intending to travel the rest of the way by night, lest some curious eyes should divine their purpose.

"It'll be safest that way," said Coon. "We'll be missed from our shanty, an' they'll 'spect we've gin 'em the slip fer the placer. Ef so, they'll try to head us off. Ef I know the place rightly, once let us git thar, an' 't'd take right smart huntin' to smell us out."

The day passed and evening descended. Little Volcano was sleeping. Old Zimri was smoking his pipe beside the smouldering fire. All at once his head was lifted, his nostrils dilated, his eyes roving swiftly around. A faint sound had come to his ear, and though it was not repeated, he felt almost certain it was a footfall.

Gently cooking his rifle, he listened and watched. No further sound came, but his gaze soon became riveted in one direction. From among the many shadows, he singled out one particular one, that seemed to be—ha! It was moving, and coming directly toward them!

## CHAPTER XVII.

## LONG TOM SHOWS HIS HAND.

It was the morning after the row at Long Tom's gambling hell. Hard Luck was still bustling, though gradually subsiding into its usual week-day lethargy. Occasionally a horse-patented horseman would pace into town; one of the searchers for Joquin, who had spent his animal's power in an eager, reckless search, if an aimless, ill-guided one.

Long Tom sat alone in his "sanctum"—a small room partitioned off from the card room. There was an ugly look upon his pale face, as he sat beneath the yellow rays of the burning lamp, suspended above his head. More nearly resembling a cell than a chamber—this retreat of the gamblers. There were no windows, no doors, save one small square trap-door at one end. The walls were lined heavily with rock; the ceiling of sheet-iron, doubled. Upon the walls hung nearly a dozen revolvers, as many

bowie-knives, together with enough other weapons to give it the appearance of a small armory. Why all this array? The solution lay in yonder square metal chest—Long Tom's bank. Within that comparatively small compass lay ensconced a fortune—wring from the hearts of husbandmen wives and fatherless children, whose eyes might grow dim with watching, hearts sick with uttering never answered prayers—watching and praying for the loved one whose dear face they were fated to see never again this side the grave. How many joyous plans—how many beautiful air-castles—how many broken oaths and forgotten pledges could those bits of gold have recalled were they only permitted to speak!

Of the frosty-bearded miner, who would give his "pards" one more "benefit" ere he struck for Frisco to sail for home; of many another who had hopes just as bright. And now! A big, worm-eaten board beside the gold-bearing stream; a name rudely scratched upon a huge, moss-grown bowie-knife, marking where the dark-covered limbs, marking where the despairing suicides rest. An old comrade may give a thought, a few words of remembrance as he passes by the grave of his dead pard—but who thinks of the dear ones so far away! Most assuredly not he whose hand has wrought all this—Long Tom "played a square game," and there is no weight resting upon his heart—connected with those unfortunates, at least.

A trouble there is—though of the present. There is an evil look upon the gambler's face—a devil working in his heart. Few would care to call him handsome now. Alone, the mask is dropped, nor is the revelation a pleasant one.

A rapid series of knocks were heard upon the floor of the gambling hall. Long Tom replied, bidding them enter. The little trap-door was lifted, and Sleepy George appeared, bearing one hand in a sling. Behind him came five other men, prominent among them being the tall young man who had claimed Little Volcano's stake—Laughing Dick. Little and graceful in build, there was a rakish, devil-may-care air about him, and, despite the marks of dissipation, he would be considered handsome, almost anywhere. His golden locks, curling up on his shoulders; a heavy blonde moustache, drooping over a small, arched and red-lipped mouth; large blue eyes, though slightly reddened—a careless but graceful dress; Laughing Dick was the *beau ideal* of a mountain dandy.

"The Preacher" was there; tall, slender, with a noble head; but the "trail of the serpent" marred all; a piteous wreck of what might have been a shining light. The other four—including Sleepy George—were rough, soundly-looking reprobates; the sum of the mines—just such willing tools as may be found around all gambling halls—the coyotes of Pastboard land.

"Spit it out—though your sweet mug has told it all plain enough," snarled Long Tom, reddening his face.

"They've gone," growled Sleepy George, wiping his lips with a longed look toward the whisky decanter. "We watched close—didn't see nor hear nothin' ontel day; they went in. They've left everything jest as it lay. I reckon they've tuck to the hills long o' Joquin."

"I'd give ten thousand dollars to know that they had—and then I'd spend ten times as much but what I'd have the satisfaction of seeing them hung!" hissed the gambler, his eyes glowing like those of a cat in the dark.

"You'd only let us stick him, as we wanted—"

"Drop that! Don't remind me of what a fool I have been—don't speak of that again unless you want to put brimstone!" snarled Long Tom, with a bitter curse. "What is past is past. We've only got to deal with the present."

"Maybe it's past, but 'tain't forgotten by a jugful," grinned Sleepy George, holding up his maimed hand. "Thar's only one medicine as kin cure this little love token—an' that is washin' it in that young devil's heart's blood!"

"The day you do that, Sleepy George, will put five hundred dollars in your pocket," said Long Tom, with intensity.

"I'll do it with pleasure for half the price," put in Laughing Dick, with the air of one who meant all he said.

"You shall have a try—that's just what I called you together this mornin' fer. I've done a power of thinking since closing last night. I think I can trust every one of you. But let me tell you one thing. Just so long as you serve me faithfully, I will do the square thing by you; but at the first crooked step, I swear by my mother's soul I will rub you up until it costs me a hanging the next minute. That's business. I tell you now, so you can count the cost beforehand."

"Have we ever acted in such a manner as to deserve these threats, Long Tom?" coldly demanded the Preacher.

"A caution, not a threat—no; you have acted on the square so far. But it has all been legitimate business. I paid you well for it, and as you ran no danger, there was no temptation for you to go back on me. But now—'twill be different. The job I have in hand would be called by an ugly name; I leave you to guess what it may be. But that's enough—until we see whether you all agree to do my work for the reward I am ready to give. If you don't do it, skin out while you may—but don't ever come hanging around me afterwards."

"We are ready to do what we can—I think I can speak for the other gentlemen, as for myself," said the Preacher, glancing toward his comrades.

"I was sure of you, pard," said Long Tom, significantly. "The ties of old are not so easy forgotten. The rest of you are in the deal, then? Good enough. Now to business. There are three men whom I am willing to pay well for having them cared for—Little Volcano, Zimri Coon and the fellow they call Crazy Billy. For the young fellow I am ready to give two thousand dollars—and one thousand more if you prove his death within one week from this. Coon I don't care so much for, only it would be safer for all to stop his wind. I'll give you two hundred apiece for him. The other—kill him; arrange it so I can see his body, and on that day I will give you each man one thousand dollars. I bid him, because I don't want you to slight the job. Do it up in style, and then come to me for the stamps. Is it a bargain?"

An eager assent was given. It would be many a day before another such glorious chance was given them—better than grubbing for gold, or even plucking drunken geese.

At that figure I would engage to depopulate the State," earnestly declared the Preacher.

"You have all helped me make money—it is only right that I should be generous. But now for the details. You will attend to the two first. You say they have left town. There is only one place they would be likely to go to; Sleepy George can guide you there. He heard all their talk about the gold mine, and knows the neighborhood, if not the exact spot. Go there, find them out, watch your chance and strike swift and sure. If you can't wipe out

every sign of the deed, just take off their top-knots and their death will be laid to the redskins. Then look after Crazy Billy—don't let him slip you like the last time, George."

The bummer grinned sheepishly as he remembered how neatly Zimri Coon had pulled the wool over his eyes that day.

"The placer—what of that?" muttered one of the men.

"The gold will keep. Rub them out and the secret will belong to you. After your work is done, you can act as you please about the placer—sell it, run it yourselves, or anything else to please the crowd."

"But that's enough. Take a drink, then go fit yourselves out for the job. Go well healed, for unless you get in the first stroke you'll have your work cut out for you. Better not start until after dark. That will give them a chance to get fairly at work, and will keep your movements from all curious eyes."

"Gentlemen—here's the luck to your trip. May you soon come to me for your pay in full!" The toast was duly honored; then the party left their chief, after he had singled out Sleepy George as the leader, bidding the others serve him as though he were Long Tom in person.

The worthies separated and each went about his own business. Weapons they had in plenty, but fresh ammunition was bought, liquor-flasks were filled, provisions stowed away in the smallest possible compass, for hunting was not to be thought of on their present expedition.

The shades of night settled down over Hard Luck, and with the increase of twinkling lights, so the town seemed to be waking up from its daily slumber, as the diggers turned out for their nightly amusements.

A shadowy figure lurked near the Miner's Rest, now and then whistling a few low notes. The signal—for such it undoubtedly was—was answered by the appearance of a female figure, shrouded in a cloak. Together they glided out to the spring, and there engaged in a hurried and earnest conversation. Claps together they stood—just as Little Volcano had espied them, one night before; again the tender words, the kisses, the caresses—and once again a hurried separation as the sound of an approaching footstep came to their ears. The man vanished; the woman hastened back to the hotel.

The unconscious intruder knelt beside the spring and drank eagerly. The moonlight revealed the handsome countenance of the gambler—Long Tom.

The night passed on. A dark figure lurked behind the hotel, close shrouded in a Mexican wrap. The building was dark and still. But as he watched, a door cautiously opened. A small figure issued, seemingly that of a woman. As it passed on, the watcher sprang forward and barred the way. There came a muffled scream as the heavy hand was felt—then a glimmering flash and the sound of a stroke. The watcher staggered back—the shadowy figure darted away like a spirit.

## FAREWELL.

BY HENRI MONTAIGNE.

See, on the breast of the blushing west  
Lies like a new-born babe the moon;  
So spring is over and summer is here;  
May is vanished, and this is June.  
Alas for the springtime fled and gone!  
Alas, for the summer come too soon!

Do you remember a night like this,  
A little less than a month ago,  
When we two stood on this rose-hung porch,  
Just as we two are standing now,  
With the moon and breeze and roses' scent,  
And the words I spoke and your answer low?

And yet all that must go for naught;  
And we must part for good and aye.  
And the days will come and the days will go,  
And summer and winter shall go their way,  
And the spring shall come and find you here  
With the moon and roses and beautiful May.

Yet I shall come not—oh, may I believe  
That through all the June and July times to be,  
There will linger, sweet as the roses' breath,  
In your inmost heart a memory  
Of this one May-day that has been  
So beautiful to me?

## Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

## THE PROFESSIONAL ARENA.

THERE is a lively struggle pending at the present time of writing—Aug. 23d—between the St. Louis and Chicago clubs, not so much for the possession of the League pennant—for that the Chicago have almost in their grasp—as for the honors of the local championship, in which contest the St. Louis nine have the advantage. The record between the two clubs in their battle for the Western championship is as follows:

May	5,	St. Louis vs. Chicago, at St. Louis.	1 to 0
"	8,	" " " "	2 3
"	19,	" " " at Chicago.	4 1
"	20,	" " " "	3 6
Aug.	15,	" " " at St. Louis.	6 3
"	17,	" " " "	3 0
"	21,	" " " "	7 6
Total			26 19

Total .....

It will be seen that St. Louis has already won five of the series of ten games, and therefore has only one game more to win to obtain the Western championship. All Chicago can do is to tie the score, 5 to 5, which it is not likely will be done. As regards the pennant race, Chicago is too far in the van to be beaten, especially as they will largely increase their score in the East in September, more so than St. Louis is likely to do. The record of the League pennant contest up to Aug. 22d is as follows:

Clubs.	Chicago	St. Louis	Boston	Pittsburgh	Cincinnati	Philadelphia	Washington	Brooklyn	San Francisco	San Diego	Portland	Seattle	Portland	Seattle	Portland	Seattle
Chicago	1	2	3	6	9	6	5	10	40	0	50					
St. Louis	5	3	8	6	4	6	7	34	0	49						
Boston	3	3	1	6	5	8	9	4	33	1	48					
Pittsburgh	0	3	1	1	2	7	6	38	0	46						
Cincinnati	4	4	1	4	9	4	8	38	5	54						
Philadelphia	1	1	4	1	3	3	6	19	1	46						
Washington	0	1	0	1	2	4	1	13	1	50						
Brooklyn	0	2	1	0	1	0	2	6	0	49						
San Francisco	10	15	14	20	38	36	36	43	194	6	394					

Among the model games since our last may be named the following:

Aug. 14, Monticello vs. Mystic, at Jersey City 2 to 1	1
" 15, Astoria vs. St. Louis Reds, at Detroit 5 to 4	4
" 15, Hemlock vs. Del'w're, at Minn'co, N. Y. 5 to 3	3
" 16, Fall River vs. Rhode Island, at Prov. 3 to 1	1
" 16, Hartford vs. N. Haven, at N. H. (19 in.) 5 to 5	5
" 17, St. Louis vs. Chicago, at St. Louis 3 to 3	3
" 17, St. Louis vs. Boston, at Boston, Mass. 0 to 0	0
" 17, Allegh' vs. Standard, at Wheeling 5 to 5	5
" 17, Prairie City vs. Bluff City, at Polo, Ill. 5 to 4	4
" 18, Capital City vs. Buckeye, at Ind. 10 to 3	3
" 18, Wifolka vs. Am. Mutual, at Brook'n 3 to 2	2
" 18, Louisville vs. Cincinnati, at Louisville 4 to 1	1
" 18, Bloom'd vs. Springfield, at Sp'ngfld 4 to 3	3
" 18, Hartford vs. Boston, at Boston 3 to 3	3
" 19, Chelsea vs. D'law'e, at P't Jervis, N. Y. 4 to 2	2
" 19, N. Haven vs. Bridgeport, at Bridgeport 1.5 to 1	1
" 19, Rhode Isl'd vs. Fall River, at Fall Riv. 5 to 3	3
" 19, Two m's vs. Stand'd, at Hamilton, Can. 5 to 4	4

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We give below a series of answers to correspondents which have been deferred from week to week until we had space for this new department of our column, which, by the way, is confined to questions appertaining to explanations of the rules of the game only.

R. J. H. Randolph, N. J. A balk is committed whenever the pitcher makes any motion to deliver the ball to the bat, and fails to deliver it—except he makes a show of delivering the ball with one hand while holding it in another, or even if he has not the ball in his possession but pretends he has, and makes a motion to deliver it, it is a balk.

Umpire, Memphis, Tenn. 1. A challenge is an invitation from one club to another to meet them and play them a game, consequently the challenging club has the choice of ground and has the right to name the date. The challenging club can change the date but not the location. 2. Ten games constitute a series in the League arena and "best two out of three" in the Amateur.

YOUNG REDS, Boston, Mass. 1. If a nine have played their part of the ninth inning and the score is then a tie, and the opposing nine go in to their ninth inning and score one run with no man out, and anything occurs to induce the umpire to end the game then and there, such as a rain-storm or darkness, the party having the majority of runs wins by the score of the uncompleted innings. 2. The rule is the same in both the League and Amateur code.

ILLINOIS, St. Louis. There is nothing we know of except the gross interference with the fielders by an outside crowd which justified a nine in leaving the field before the expiration of a game. Certainly no decision given by an umpire does; for if he is one marked by an error of judgment, there is nothing to be done but to abide by it; and if it be an erroneous interpretation of the rules, then all that can be done is to continue play under protest. But refusing to play because an umpire's decisions do not suit you is boys' work.

OUR CLUB, Washington. 1. The League book of rules contains no instructions how to play the game nor any club statistics, but only the League laws and rules. 2. Beadle's Dime Book of Base Ball was first issued by Mr. Chadwick in 1880, sixteen years ago. It has been published annually ever since. 3. Copies of the original edition are out of print. 4. Yes. Send us scores of all your "model games," but we do not want those marked by double figure scores.

INQUIRY, Jackson, Mich. There is no need of calling "good ball" after the batsman has struck twice at the ball or had two strikes called upon him, unless he fails to hit at the next fair ball. For instance, suppose three fair balls are sent in in succession, and the batsman strikes at the first and second but fails to hit either, or he fails to strike at either of the first two balls, and two strikes are called, should he strike at the third and fail to hit it, "three strikes" must be called; but in case he refuses to strike at the third fair ball, in such case the umpire must call "good ball," and on the fourth fair ball give the batsman out unless the ball is hit.

EARNED RUN, Hartford. A run can be earned off the field and yet not be the pitching. Thus, for instance, suppose the first striker earns his base by a good hit, steals to second without an error being committed, either in the form of a passed ball, a throw to second, or a failure to hold the ball at second on such throw, and gets to third on a hit to third base made by the second striker, who is thrown out there by the short stop, and suppose, also, that by a long hit to out-field, a fly-ball is caught, and on the catch the base-runner on third reaches home safely. Here a run is earned on the base hit, and off the fielding, but not off the pitching. It is earned because no positive error of play have assisted the base-runner round, and yet perfect fielding would have prevented the success of either the first base hit in succession or a first base hit and a long hit for two bases, if not three.

## MODERN WOMEN.

It is a sad commentary upon our boasted civilization that the women of our times have degenerated in health and physique until they are literally a race of invalids—p



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That Corinne Cushman's new story, starting in this number, will be received with the liveliest satisfaction, we can well understand. No author of the day has made a more agreeable impression. The new story will but confirm the promise of "Black Eyes and Blue." In several respects "Brave Barbara" is one of the best-conceived and finely-told romances of real life which we have ever given our readers—and this is, indeed, saying much. We want our lady readers especially to speak of it to their friends that all may enjoy its perusal.

Go to the Centennial Exposition by all means, if you have not already been. It is one of the most stupendous exhibitions the world has ever known. A mere walk through the great buildings is well worth the trip to Philadelphia. The "main building," covering twenty-one acres, literally contains a "world of wealth," for the mere value of the articles shown is estimated at many millions. Every civilized nation on the globe is represented—most of them with a perfectly splendid display of every art, industry and product of their country. It is simply magnificent beyond words to express. It is like walking through Fairy Land to go through its almost countless exhibits. But, even this is only one feature of that Exposition. Machinery Hall is by far the most wonderful collection of mechanical art and invention that ever yet has been made. Agricultural Hall is, in its specialty, like all our great State Fairs combined, multiplied by one hundred—incomparably interesting, curious and suggestive. It is all the land, sea and air products, and their associated industrial arts, of all the nations. Horticultural Hall reminds one of Coleridge's creation:

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A Stately Pleasure Dome decree."

The Art building and its "Annex" is such a collection of the paintings, marbles, mosaics, etc., of all countries, as astonishes every visitor by its extent and intrinsic value. Then there follows a train of subsidiary exhibitions that in themselves, at any other time and place, would excite the most eager interest. Oh, it is all glorious enough for a whole century of effort, and is an offering to modern civilization of which this generation may well be proud. Not to see it all is to lose a sight and knowledge of the grandest achievement of the century.

**Sunshine Papers.**

## **Observation versus Experience.**

If I may be permitted to state a conviction, which I do not found upon a clear personal remembrance of that period in my own existence, I would set forth as a proposition that observation and experience enter as equal forces into every life newly initiated into the broad brotherhood of universal humanity. But that these forces though always relative do not always remain equal is clear to the most superficial observer of human nature. Still I doubt if superficial or even careful students of human life are prepared to state definitely just when those correlative powers commence to take precedence one of the other.

Did any one ever yet determine at what period of infancy in general, or at what time in the life of any particular infant, the child commences to act upon the relation of causes and effects, for then it is that observation and experience cease to be of equal force? Who is able to decide just when the heartrending yells of the infant-traveler in car or stage are the direct result of real misery, or rapidly-developing temper acting in association with very well defined instinct that infantile anger and untamable music are most potent powers in producing desired results? Certain it is that at a most early period the embryo man and woman learn to trade upon the effects of observation. Is it not equally true that from the embryo man and woman up to the allotted three-score years and ten of the real ones, no person, no matter how well he or she may have learned to trade upon observation, is inclined to accept that observation in the place of actual experience?

King Baby may have it very implicitly impressed upon his juvenile consciousness that the result of attempting to secrete stray pins in his digestive regions, or efforts of his to turn somersaults upon the stair-landing, and various other churlish little performances, will inevitably culminate in dire disaster, through natural effects and parental causes, to his small lordship; yet that wee masculine will never allow observation of statements made to him or the results of the same performances in connection with any of his childish friends to supersede individual experience. That young man will persistently swallow pins, coins, his fists, or any other stray commodities, and do all manner of things which he is warned not to do, with a manful determination to learn if fate dare treat him as it has treated his predecessors and contemporaries. And will any amount of experience that goes to prove the fact that observation heeded in the past would have saved from ill, ever help that young man, as the years go by, to accept the fate of others as in any degree photographic of what will occur to him under the same circumstances? Is it ever possible for you, or I, or any of us, to believe that a certain cause, producing a certain effect on certain lives, can ever produce that identical effect on our own lives? Are we not always to be the successful ones in careers wherein all attempts to do well, previous to our own, have proved failures?

It is perfectly possible for "Ned and I," playing truant and lingering under the seductiveness of a tree bountifully laden with the most astringent of future beautiful fruit, to believe that others who did eat thereof suffered horrible pangs in the way of cholera and physic; but it is just as impossible for "Ned and I," in the face of several seasons of observation concerning the relations of cause and effect between green apples and mustard plasters and hot drops, to believe that that fruit popularly supposed to have brought our race to grief can ever cause history to repeat itself in our individual cases.

The young man who makes haste to be rich, and seeks to help himself to that desirable state by certain questionable methods that he knows many another business man has tried—finding them, when put in the balance against discovery, disgrace, and a ruined career, too light to save from the downward impetus of the opposing scale—will never believe, no matter with how many warning cases he may be familiar, that in his case, too, sin will be sure to find him out.

Did ever yet a young man and maiden agree to "love, honor and obey," and "all that sort of thing" which is introductory to a honeymoon and a matrimonial career, but that they believed that their wedded life would be the realization of that golden ideal which novelists preach and poets sing, but that, as yet, despite the resolves of thousands of lackadaisical lovers, has proved as undecipherable as the passage to the north pole? But in this case, too, that the youth's and maiden's experience is only a repetition of what observation of the lives of many other idealists of hymeneal bliss might have taught them, is proved by matrimonial jars, tempests—not always in tempests—a separation, a divorce case, or, at the very least, the most ordinarily humdrum and unideal life imaginable.

Does ever the maid whose observation of life as it has unfolded for her mistress has taught her many bitter lessons, shrink from seeking all those unfoldings of life in her own case with a rosy belief that "her John," or "her Tom," will prove quite unlike "the master?" And though men's eyes may be deeper than maidens' dreams, and maidens may be "wonderous wise," yet both, like the man who lived in our town, will insist upon actual contact, figuratively, with the bramble bush which so sadly disorganized that gentleman's optical organs even as he did, without doubt, in the face of established facts relative to probable consequences.

Powerful as are these two forces of our nature, where can the person be found who will accept observation as more than theoretical, in his desire for individual experience?

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

## **NOT ALL BAD.**

The world isn't all bad, my dear friends. To be sure, there are earthquakes, droughts, floods and conflagrations; there may be bitter cold winters and parching hot summers; yet, take it all in all, there are blessings far, far in excess of disasters.

Did you ever think of how many homes there are scattered over this vast world of ours, and did you ever think what a charm that very word "home" has to many? The dwellings may be poor, they may be "far from the maddening crowd," they may lack many a comfort, but they are somebody's home! Love lives there as well as in the gilded palace. The dwellers may not have much to be thankful for, but they have something, and their prayers are prayers of gratitude for what they do possess.

Where love is, everything seems bright and glorious, and while many of us are lamenting and wondering what makes the world so vile to live on, thousands of others are rejoicing at God's goodness and wondering how they deserve to live on a world so full of beauty and magnificence.

The inhabitants of the world are not all bad. They may seem so, to some minds, but they really are not. There seems to be more wickedness in the days that now are than in days gone by, and this may be so, because there are more people living. I don't deny that we have thieves, defaulters and murderers, but they are not in the majority. I know it is heart-breaking to see how many persons, whom we have had reliance upon and confidence in, and who have held high and responsible offices, have betrayed that trust and must now rank among the world's rascals. That is not a very pretty word, but it is a dictionary word, and a very applicable one. Still, there are hosts of good, noble and true men and women living whose lives are examples for us to follow and whose morality and goodness we would do well to pattern by. Their lives are not filled with canting phrases, nor with soulless words, but occupied in doing noble deeds—deeds as heroic as any hero ever accomplished.

Their heroism may not be of the kind noted in novels; they may not have had their names engraved on the scroll of earthly fame, but they have recorded their deeds, and such a record is more lasting than any we could write. In true nobility of heart they gave their helping hand to a fallen brother or sister; a kind action and word of interest may have turned many from their wayward course, and they have not withheld them. How many of God's creatures are at this very moment, while I am penning these lines, comforting the sick and dying, administering to the afflicted and aiding the poverty-stricken!

Don't say we are all bad; don't even think it. It is not Christianlike to harbor such thoughts. They'll make you a misanthrope and render your life most unhappy. Friends may have slighted you—may have treated you unkindly—may have been ungrateful to you for all you have done for them, and you may feel like losing all confidence in human nature; but don't do so. If some prove false, you will find others who are true. Don't view humanity from such a purely selfish standpoint. We may not be pieces of perfection, but we are not all bad; if we were, there'd be ten times more woe and misery in the world than there now is. When you feel inclined to think how many wicked individuals there are about, just be thankful that there are no more and be grateful for that, and think of how many of Nature's noblemen there are, and you'll find that a much pleasanter topic for your consideration.

We have sunny days and sunny hearts; bright hours and bright natures; golden moments and golden characters, all about us; and, surely, these are enough to make us contented and happy with the world and its inhabitants. If the world is "going to the bad," let us not go to the bad with it. If everybody were to act up to that remark, I don't believe the world would go to the bad. There is one reason why we have so many pure-minded beings—because they are determined to show others that the claim can be made better by its inhabitants being better themselves. All bad indeed! It's no such thing.

EVE LAWLESS.

## **Foolscap Papers.**

### **Dom Pedro Interviewed.**

I SENT my card up to his room in the hotel by two waiters, and was soon in the August—or November presence of the Emperor of Brazil, who cordially bumped his head against mine three or four times, and took my hat and sat it on the floor conveniently beside him, where he could spit in it without having to reach too far! Brushing some peanut shells from a chair he bade me take a seat.

I told him I had come to interview him, and he replied so I had not come to assassinate him it would be all right.

WHITTHORN. You left a pretty good situation, I understand, in Brazil to visit us?

DOM. Yes, I have a pretty steady job, so far there.

W. What sized paper collar do you wear, Dom?

D. Thirty-two when I want to go round my neck twice.

W. Brazil is one of the largest islands in the Pacific ocean, if I hear aright?

D. If you hear aright it is.

W. What is the breadth of its widthness?

D. Well, it is so wide that it reaches clear around the globe, and then laps over several hundred miles.

W. Is that so?

D. Even so, indeedly.

W. What do you think of the United States so far as you've got, Dommy?

D. The United States for a nation is good enough, but the United States for lager is poor enough.

W. How is that?

D. Well, it flies to the head before it flies to the stomach.

W. Have you any design of coming here to live?

D. No. I find house rent is too high here for a large man with small means, or for a small man with large means, for that matter.

W. Mr. Pedro, are you the renowned gentleman who first introduced the athletic and exhilarating game called Pedro, surnamed Sanchez?

D. I have that distinguished honor.

W. I have understood you first learned to whistle in the Spanish language as well as to walk?

D. Yes, and my orders for my boot-jack or more soap are still given in that tongue.

W. I suppose common folks look up to you down there?

D. Yes, they do, especially those who are seeking an office or a favor.

W. Do women clamor for Woman's Rights there?

D. No. If women wanted woman's rights there they would be in danger of getting men's lefts.

W. I suppose you will allow that the United States is a higher nation than Brazil?

D. It is several degrees higher in latitude, I will admit—(taking a chew of Indian rubber, with which he always solaces himself).

W. I suppose you have a national claim to the same sun that we have?

D. Not muchly. We are far above that, and are powerful enough to have one of our own, now.

W. How much pork and beef in the opposite side of a pair of scales can you tip up?

D. One hundred and seventy pounds, more or less—(trying to brush a sunbeam off his pants, which he mistook for dust.)

W. Are you troubled with internal dissections?

D. Well—yes. Unripe northern fruit has produced it—(taking another swallow of paregoric.)

W. Have you never experienced a desire for rest while, deep into the cares of government matters, your last new boots showed palpable signs of not being quite as large as your Empire?

D. I s-corn the question, and refer you to John Bunion. (Here he pinned his vest over a spot on his bosom, which showed he had gravy on the bill-of-fare for dinner.)

W. What is your opinion, if you have ever found any in your vest pockets, of our Centennial Exposition?

D. The Centennial is a dollar-tennial.

W. Does your royal vastness ever indulge in the luxury of a toothpick?

D. When it is meat, I do.

W. Will you please lend me yours, and what is the population of your country?

D. (Pulling out a dirty handkerchief and wiping it back again before I could see it twice.) We number about twenty million souls, and we're pretty well heeled, as you see.

W. Do you prefer the South to the North?

D. I do, and propose eventually to saw off the Isthmus of Darien, and so separate North from South America.

W. How well off are your subjects?

D. Every one of them owns a bank, and no

one is compelled to borrow a cent. You can get money for nothing down there, and a whole lot thrown in for good measure.

W. Is there employment for all there?

D. Yes; and if one man is out of work there will be a dozen to pull off their coats and turn in and help him all day, (handing me a half Spanish and half Connecticut cigar.)

W. I should judge that so great a man as you would have a pretty big toothache if you ever condescended to have any?

D. You're right; every toothache I have averages forty bushels to the acher.

W. I understand that the former occupants of your country dug some pretty big rivers there?

D. The Amazon is an Amazin' river. It is wider than it is long, and so deep that it reaches to the other side, and several miles beyond. Small boys catch whales in it a hundred feet long, and it has neither top nor bottom.

W. You haven't got any little half-formed Golconda diamond that you're tired of and are about to throw away?

D. None on hand just now.

W. And you have not any little paltry office vacant worth a hundred thousand small dollars a year with which you could assist a small man with a poor family?

D. None, unless it would be general Interrogator to the whole kingdom.

When he went to sleep I had to tear myself away, and thought it was better to be the king of diamonds than petitioner in a court of bankruptcy.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## **Topics of the Time.**

—That there is gold enough in the Black Hills to make that country an acquisition much to be desired is now evident. A late issue of the Nebraska City Press says: "Capt. Morrill, of Dixon, who recently arrived at Bismarck, D. T., from the Black Hills, says that the Wheeler brothers have taken out \$130,000 from their claim in Deadwood Gulch, and that their ground would yield for several months yet. Some days ago they scooped up gold by the pound, and on one day secured \$2,200. In Nigger Gulch four negroes took out \$1,700 in one day with a rocker, carrying the dirt several hundred yards from the mountain to water. A few claims are paying big money. Miners are making from \$3 to \$7 per day, but the majority are idle and some destitute. Flour is \$9 per hundred. The stage at Cheyenne, July 22, brought in \$10,000 in dust from Deadwood."

—Some time ago a lady, who is very well known in the fashionable world, happened to see in the streets a monkey begging pence in the prettiest manner for the benefit of his master, an organ-grinder. She took a fancy to it, bought it, dressed it in the grandest of raiment, and made it a pet. The other day she had a fashionable reception for the benefit of a charity, and, of course, her pet was the wonder of the room. In the course of the evening a young lady sat down to the piano, and accompanying herself, sung with exquisite taste. As soon as she had finished the monkey, who had not forgotten his former duties, seized a hat, and holding it before each guest, according to his custom, commenced a collection. The vocalist laughed and the lady of the house looked vexed, but, to the amusement of everybody, the animal collected a large sum. His task ended, he jumped upon the singer's shoulder, amidst shouts of laughter, and deposited the contents of the hat in her lap, the collection of course being devoted to the charity. Monkeys are just now in strong request in fashionable society.

—Among the illusions swept away by modern science was the pleasant fancy that the moon was a habitable globe, like the earth, its surface diversified with seas, lakes, continents, and islands, and varied forms of vegetation. Theologians and savants gravely discussed the probabilities of its being inhabited by a race of sentient beings, with forms and faculties like our own, and even proposed schemes for opening communication with them, in case they existed. One of these was to construct on the broad highlands of Asia a series of geometrical figures on a scale so gigantic as to be visible from our planetary neighbor, on the supposition that the people would recognize the object, and immediately construct similar figures in reply, extravagant and absurd as it may appear, but the discussion was kept up at intervals, until it was discovered that if there were people in the moon they must be able to live without breathing or eating or drinking. Then it ceased.

—Among the highest cultured society, it has never been the habit to load with jewelry, though it has been the custom of wealth which has made the most prominent in the larger cities these dozen years, the elder and better elements taking the back-ground. But years of money create taste, and taste is now banishing display; broad gold necklaces, heavy gold pendants, and band bracelets are being worn, also, not according to fashion, but because they are comfortable. This doesn't, of course, forbid a standard of setting off her charms with a becoming bracelet, or even necklace, and gold, as well as turquoise or amber on a purely molded arm or graceful neck, will always be allowed. The success will prove the right, here as well as elsewhere in worldly usage. But, for the generality of women, the barbaric gold is tabooed.

—Mrs. Swishelm expresses wonder that any song birds are found in the United States, since cats are so numerous here, and proceeds to show pretty conclusively that they have done more than man himself to extirpate some of our most valuable native fowls. This calls to mind the state made some years ago by a patient observer of the habits of these beasts of prey; he declared that two cats upon his farm killed over three hundred young partridges in one season. And more recently the protest came from Kansas that these animals were killing off the birds at the grasshoppers. This is a very bad report for pussy. Now the economist pertinently asks if the food which the fifty or sixty thousand feline prowlers of our city consume were saved, whether there would not be more left to feed some of the starving children, and to put the feline into the stove for the business, Mrs. Swishelm intimates very strongly that the cat is in a measure responsible for the grasshopper plague. After this it will be difficult to find a modern Cowper to defend the sleek and bloated hypocrite that purrs upon the sofa, and that is only waiting for night to come to banish sleep with the voice of spirits to purgatory bound.

—Chief among the attractions in the Kansas State building, or in that part of it reserved for Colorado, is a lady-like woman of less than ordinary stature and comparatively slight physical development, known as Mrs. Maxwell, the Rocky Mountain huntress. This lady is reported to have killed with her own hands five hundred wild animals, and specimens of these, stuffed by herself, have been forwarded to the Colorado display, and they are now on exhibition. Among these are several large bison, a number of deer, including the red deer, a pair of Rocky Mountain sheep, a ferocious panther, a number of wild cats, two elk, three bears—grizzly, cinnamon, and black—a wolverine, said to be the most dangerous animal in the West; many varieties of rabbits, including the rare coney rabbit, found only on mountain peaks, above the timber line, and many specimens of marmot, squirrel, mountain rats, a black-footed ferret, etc. The last mentioned animal is a rare specimen, the one owned by the Smithsonian Institute being the only other known to have been shot and preserved. The collection also includes a family of prairie dogs, owls, and snakes, which the huntress has often seen in the same burrow, and to these are added cases of birds, water fowl, snakes, etc., besides two exhibits of live prairie dogs and rattlesnakes, the entire display of over 300 animals being very artistically arranged.

## **Readers and Contributors.**

Accepted: "A Garland;" "That Strange Boy;" "My Jealousy;" "Elsie's Heritage;" "Maneuvering for a Heart;" "Piqued into Love;" "The Four-leaved Clover."

Rejected: "Laying Down the Law;" "His Way of Waiting;" "A Morning Mass;" "Little Dora;" "A Useful Lesson;" "In the Reign of Reason."

CASSIE A. R. The gentleman is married. Sorry to know "you'll be ever so provoked." You should have spoken sooner!

Poem "Little Dora" hardly worthy its author. Poems on such themes must be very good to warrant publication. Last stanza is particularly faulty in rhythm, and commonplace in expression. A complete set of the JOURNAL, but to advertise for it. We can only supply the last volume.

GEO. D. L. Can't possibly reprint the story this year. Have too many good things awaiting you.

Conna Linn. Write for information to Secretary of Ocean Junta, New York city. No further address necessary.

D. E. N. There are no "half admittances" or "cheap arrangements" for the Centennial Exposition. Every day's admission is fifty cents to old and young.

JUDGE BOB CANDY. Trade in New York, as elsewhere, is dull. No want of candy-makers, we understand. Wages \$12 to \$15 per week. Among the largest manufacturers of stick in this city are Gilbert, of Cortlandt St., Smith, of Greenwich St., and Mason and Zollinger, Fulton St., Brooklyn, general confectioners.

CONSTANT READER. Wherever new telegraph lines are opening there is the best chance for operators. As West Virginia is nearest to you, try your fortunes there first. A brief service in any Western Union office in Washington, Baltimore, or Philadelphia, will help you to a "sit" in that company's employ.

T. S. H. There is no trouble in raising water-cress, provided it is planted along the edge of running streams, especially springs, and kept clear of weeds and grass. We have it now growing around a fish-pond. The seed can be purchased at any of our leading agricultural stores.

ANNIE LADRIE. Board at the hotels you name, for two persons and one room, is from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day for each person. So the sum you mention will not suffice for a two weeks' stay. The better way is to take a room together in any respectable "European" hotel, and eat at the restaurants. A good room can thus be had for \$1.00 per day.

ANNIE, AKRON. We generally know of a wholesale house which does business in the way you suggest. Goods are only sent out "on sale" to parties known in business circles as financially responsible. To get goods on credit, you must see a wholesaler. Why not try Chicago merchants? It will be more likely to succeed, for they can investigate as to your responsibility and good business character.

MRS. CHISHOLM. Sorry we have not secret of the baking powder you refer to. Will try and fathom its chemistry.—Good soda biscuit can be made of Graham flour. Take six cups of flour, two teaspoonsful soda, four of cream tartar, salt sufficient, and mix with half cream and half buttermilk. Bake quickly, and you'll have biscuit fit for a queen. Of course the *gem* in the ring is the gem at such a price. If a real amethyst the ring would be ten times the price named.

UNCLE JOHN TABOR. The saving of garden seed we cannot commend, a rule we refer especially to vegetable seeds. True, of some favorite kinds, known not to degenerate, it is different, but they generally do degenerate. We prefer to select anew every season. Flower seeds, of special value and beauty, may be saved and resown. But always be sure to make your purchases of reliable seedsmen.

MISS E. A. L. writes: Must I use orange blossoms only in a bride's wreath? I am to be married, and want to wear natural flowers, but I cannot well get orange blossoms. Can you tell me why orange blossoms are always used? We desire to wear natural flowers, we do not consider orange blossoms imperative. They are certainly less graceful than jessamine, lily of the valley, or white roses. In some countries myrtle alone is used for the bridal wreath, and any white flower is perfectly appropriate. The Saracens have the credit of introducing orange blossom at weddings, and in the South and East, where they are abundant, they are appropriate, being fragrant as well as beautiful.

MARY ELLA. As you have an ice-cream freezer, you will find it quite as easy to make ice as cream. To "make orange ice," mix the grated rinds of three oranges and the juice of one lemon, a pint of white sugar dissolved in a pint of cold water, and freeze, the same as cream. Pretty ornaments for tables set for parties are dressed up with frosted water. Select an ornament with stems such as plums, grapes, cherries, lady-apples, small pears, bunches of currants, etc. Make a mixture of frothed white sugar, and a very small quantity of cold water. In this dip the fruit, one at a time. Drain until nearly dry and roll in pulverized sugar. Dip in the sugar twice and lay upon white paper to dry.

DUMS HEAD asks: "If a gentleman write a lady a note, desiring to have the honor of her company to such a place, how should she answer it? If a gentleman take a lady out horseback, and she declines, should he ride?" If a lady correspond with a gentleman friend, how should she begin the letter? And if he is not a friend, just an acquaintance, how should she begin it? These are questions which she takes great pleasure in accepting, and she is under the unpleasant necessity of declining. A gentleman escorting a lady upon horseback rides at her right hand.—Commence your letters, "My dear friend," or "Friend," and so on. If the gentleman is merely an acquaintance, you should address him as Mr. Smith, Dear Sir, My dear Sir, or My dear Mr. Smith.

MISS S. N. A. writes: "I had a fine topaz ring which a gentleman very much wanted, as I supposed just for a loan; but he has not returned it and tells me he wishes me to go to a certain jewelry store and select a ring which he will wear and have it. I don't know how to act in the case. Will you please give me your advice?" We should consider it a desire on the gentleman's part to retain your ring, as perhaps it pleases him, and give you, as its equivalent, any ring you may choose. But, again, his conduct is open to the interpretation of desire to coarsely to possess the ring, for the ring suggests may be considered by him, if you agree to it, as significant of an engagement. Your actions must be decided by your feelings toward the gentleman: as a friend or sweetheart. Under the circumstances, it would be perfectly proper for you to select the new ring he offers you. But if you desire to discourage him, and to put him off, you may respectfully insist upon his giving it you.

CENTENNIAL QUESTION. Newton, would like to know your opinion of flirting with gloves, parasol, or handkerchief. Also if we think it wrong for a girl to wave her handkerchief over her lover, or if she pass in a carriage. We have a very poor opinion of the girl who makes use of any of the flirtation codes, whether "gloves," "parasol," or "hand." The young girls who do such flirting are always lowly estimated and will forfeit the respect, though they may win the acquaintance, of the young men who see them engage in it. And to wave the handkerchief to strangers is forward and improper. The strangers would be quite justified in addressing you, and you would have no redress for what you should regard as an unwarrantable impertinence; and the persons that you thus encourage to speak to you may be most undesirable acquaintances, for if they are able to judge of who a stranger



## "BEAUTIFUL WITHIN."

I pray thee, oh, God, that I may be beautiful within.  
—SOCRATES.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Enough I have of earthly dress  
Which dims but cannot shine;  
Enough of what in death is loss  
And makes not souls divine.  
Oh, teach me how to bear my cross,  
I kneel before Thy shrine!  
And while on earth I still have life,  
Surrounded by dark sin,  
I pray thee that I may, oh, God,  
Be beautiful within!

I care not though my outward lot  
Is ever to be poor;  
Nor on what distant earthly spot  
My pains I must endure.  
If I but have this sweetest thought—  
Of Faith—in Thee secure.  
And when at last o'er me comes death,  
To show Thee what I've been;  
I pray thee that I may, oh, God,  
Be beautiful within!

## The Men of '76.

## JOHN ADAMS.

The Colossus of the Revolution.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

MANY writers, in speaking of the men of '76, assign to John Adams a prominence above all others. If he was so, it was in sagacity by Franklin, in eloquence by Patrick Henry, in judicial wisdom by Jay, in discretion by Richard Henry Lee, in judgment by Washington and in acuteness by Jefferson, a combination of these qualities gave him for forty years a commanding influence in public affairs, and rendered him, in the largest sense, one of the chief builders of the edifice of our liberty.

John Adams, born at Braintree, Mass., Oct. 19th, 1735, was descended from one of the original Puritan settlers, and from him inherited that sturdy love of liberty which rendered him so dreaded by Royal Governors. No king ever had a more unwilling subject, and no man ever more ardently espoused the cause of the people as against non-representative rule. Adams was well "brought up." He received a thorough college training, was an apt scholar and at an early moment of his career, was marked for distinction. He studied law, was married in 1764, and the next year removed to Boston, where his practice soon became lucrative, and his prominence as a leader distinguished.

That prominence was due not more to his force of character and talents than to his sentiments on the topic of the hour—the rights of the people to self government. On this question, like his illustrious cousin, Samuel Adams, he was an enthusiast, and long before public sentiment had reached the point of resistance to Parliament and Crown, he was preparing that public work for what was to come. His "Essays on Canon and Civil Law," published in the Boston Gazette, (1767,) were the preliminaries to his whole career. They were reprinted in London, (1768,) and are thus advertised by an English writer:

"It seems to have been the principal object of the author to extinguish, as far as possible, the veneration of his countrymen for the institutions of England by holding up to their abhorrence the principles of the canon and feudal law, and showing to them the conspiracy which existed between church and state for the purpose of oppressing the people. He inculcated the sentiments of generous liberty as well as the necessity of correct information on the part of his fellow citizens, in order that they might be prepared to assert and maintain their rights by force, if force should ever become necessary."

The treason Patrick Henry preached, in his passionate way, to an audience of Virginia planters, John Adams proclaimed in the very face of Parliament itself, so long before the "tocsin of the Revolution" sounded, that he won the hatred of loyalists, and incurred the displeasure of leading patriotic men for his zeal. What to them was effrontery or rash ardor, to a clearer vision was prophecy and preparation.

In 1769 he was made chairman of the committee chosen by the people of Boston to draw up instructions for the Legislature to resist the encroachments of the Crown, and in 1770 was made a member of that Legislature. From that moment to his election by the Legislature as one of its delegates to the Continental Congress, John Adams was the head and front of rebellion; and his appearance at that Congress really was the beginning of revolution. The majority of members hoped and worked for conciliation and compromise; hence John Adams was regarded with aversion by them and their friends. Even on the streets he was uncivilly treated; but his great courage and heart of fire pressed on in its work; his zeal, eloquence and numerous use of facts won him converts and coadjutors until, at the second Congress, he was strong enough to introduce a resolution (May 6th, 1776), which recommended the colonies to adopt "such a government as would, in the opinion of the representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents and of America"—a virtual declaration of independence. This bold resolution, though fiercely opposed, he fought with wonderful eloquence and power to a successful passage on May 13th.

That act was the prelude of the more formal and distinctive resolve, introduced by Richard Henry Lee, and seconded by Adams, (June 7th), "that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be free and independent states, etc." [See sketch of Jefferson.] This aroused the antagonism and excited the wildest fears of Congress; and the three days' debate which followed were pronounced by those who heard them (Congress sat with closed doors), to have been fierce, passionate and exciting beyond precedent. Of that struggle of giants, John Adams was, according to Jefferson, the Colossus. Daring, tenacious, aggressive, he spoke with such magnificent ardor and such immense power as to bear all before him; and when the question was reopened, July 1st, on the report of the committee on the Declaration, Adams again was the monster spirit that controlled the storm; for another three days his mighty energy and matchless tongue fought the strong, coerced the wavering, and sustained the weak; and the work was crowned, on the 4th, by the vote which made that declaration the keystone of the arch of American freedom.

Adams was one of the committee of five to prepare the Declaration, but his share in the actual construction of the instrument was small, only a few verbal amendments to Jefferson's draught.

When the deed was done America breathed as if an incubus had been lifted from her energies; she saw duty, suddenly, in the clear light of a sun too long obscured; and old and young, men and women, throughout all the land, were inspired by it with that sense of independence which made the revolution a fight to the last extremity—rendered the people unconquerable.

And to John Adams all classes assigned the chief honor of the grand consummation.

Adams' career, through the revolution, was chiefly abroad, as our minister—first, to France (1777), along with Franklin to negotiate a treaty of peace and alliance; next to Holland as plenipotentiary; then on various commissions to form treaties with other powers; then, our independence having been won, he was appointed by Congress the first United States Minister to Great Britain. In all these responsible stations he served his country with signal ability and satisfaction. He published in London (1787), his Defense of the American Constitution, which commanded much attention as an exposition of constitutional liberty.

In the year 1787, at his own request, he was allowed to return to America, and was elected Vice President of the United States, and re-elected in Washington's second term (1793). He then succeeded Washington as President in 1797, and served one term.

Political parties, just prior to the first Presidency, began to take shape. Some favored a strong central power; others preferred the independence of the States, with only a General Congress for harmonizing general interests.

The old "Confederation" (1783-1789), was such a Congress. It failed to give satisfaction, and compelled a "closer union." The convention of 1787, embracing the most eminent men of the several States, as delegates, adopted the new Constitution. It gave great offense to the "anti-Monarchists," as they sometimes were pleased to call themselves, but the immense influence of Washington, Adams, Franklin, Hamilton, Jay, Madison and others, induced its acceptance by the several States, and the New Republic was instated in April 1789, with Washington as President.

John Adams as Secretary of State, Vice President, Jefferson as Secretary of State, General Knox as Secretary of War, and Alexander Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury. This inauguration of the new government soon brought about those political dissensions inseparable from a democracy. Hamilton's scheme for funding the public debt, proposed in his masterly first report (January 1790), elicited fierce discussion, from which soon sprang the parties known as Federalist and Republican. Washington and Adams approved of Hamilton's schemes, and thereby became heads of the Federalist party. As the administration progressed, and the power of the General Government was more and more exercised, the division of parties grew more defined. Jefferson soon became the recognized head of the anti-Federalists, and between him and Hamilton the strongest personal dislike so prevailed that the Secretary of State resigned from the Cabinet January 1, 1794, and thereafter he led the "opposition" with a decision that gave to the politics of Washington's second term great virulence and intense feeling.

In this John Adams, necessarily, was deeply involved. He was by nature and training not a politician, but a partisan. Sustaining the Federal policy of government, and its construction of the Constitution, he championed both with his old time freedom of speech, and striking fierce blows, he excited a hostility and persecution that made him a hunted lion.

He was, in view of his great services, Washington's natural successor to the Presidency, but he had to confront a rancorous opposition; and, though elected, was so hounded and beset on all sides that his one term of office was the signal for his retirement, when the opposition under Jefferson and Aaron Burr came into power—Burr coming within one vote of being President of the United States.

Adams would never again enter public life. Retiring to his farm at Quincy, Mass., he there continued to reside, busy enough with his pen, as his published works and correspondence attest. His faults of character were irascibility of temper and a regard for his own honor and reputation, amounting to vanity, which, when piqued, led him to endless controversy and trouble. By these really small faults was his truly great nature often humiliated and obscured, but, as time dooms little things to perish, and preserves only the acts and thoughts that are worthy of remembrance, we now see John Adams the patriot and leader of patriots, rather than John Adams the politician and leader of Federalists. He scorned a lie as something vile and mean; his integrity was wholly unquestioned; he had no guile or finesse; he loved honor for honor's sake, and thought of the public good before all else. Even his enemies conceded these traits to be his, and sooner or later paid him the homage of their respect. Jefferson, his once dear friend and coadjutor in trying times, by the estrangements of political divisions and controversy, became his adversary and pronounced foe, but, as the two great men grew in years their old warmth of regard revived. Adams' most admirable wife died in 1817, when Jefferson wrote the deeply stricken man a beautiful letter of condolence. Sorrow opened the door of friendship that political distemper had closed, and thereafter they were enemies no more.

Adams lived, clear in intellect and in comparative health, to the advanced age of ninety years, dying July 4, 1826—the fiftieth year of American Independence. On that very same day Jefferson passed away, and the two illustrious souls went into the Life Eternal hand in hand.

Under the Surface:  
OR,  
Murder Will Out.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.

AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "MABEL VANE," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE ASSAULT BY THE RESERVOIR.

THE two plotters—such they evidently were—pursued their way at a brisk pace through the storm. They did not pause to look back until they reached the little bridge leading over the reservoir flood-gate by the mill-walk. Here they stopped. They had not spoken on the way at all; they needed all the breath that they could husband. But they paused here on the bridge amid the snow that was still whirling wildly in the thick night air.

"Here we part, Jen," said the tall man in a low voice. "Don't forget your work; I'll attend to mine. We are working together; we must be free and open to each other."

"I hear you, Algy," was the reply. "I am yours to command."

"Good. Remember the back entrance, and the place where to search. With what you'll look for—and must find—in our possession, all will be well. As for the rest, count on me; I'll not flinch. Should we fail?"—hesitatingly—"In the search, why the other means must be tried; and by the heavens above me, I'll lay the train to-night, for the fellow is fiery and fool-hardy."

"You can trust me, Algy."

"Then don't forget to-morrow evening."

We'll meet at the Locks and report progress.

Good-night and good luck!

"Good-night, Algy."

The man then turned to the left and hurrying away entered Green street at its terminus. His crunching footfall died speedily away.

The captain lingered for a moment. But, with a shiver, he drew his cloak more closely around him and descended the steps leading into the walk by the wheels. Before he had advanced a dozen steps, however, he paused and peered ahead of him in the heavy shadows flung by the houses.

A dark object was dimly visible in that uncertain gloom; it was hugging close to the wall. The prowler quietly slid his hand toward his bosom, and taking out his revolver, dropped it into his overcoat side-pocket. He strode boldly on once more, as if he had seen nothing. But he kept his eyes about him.

It was lucky for him that he did, for scarcely he had reached the middle of the dreary walk when suddenly, like the fierce onset of a tiger, a stalwart man rushed upon him. The attack was so sudden and so vigorous, that the young man had not time to use his pistol. He managed to extricate his hands from his pockets and to wave off a powerful blow.

Then began a fierce struggle, there in the wild winter storm. No one was awake in the neighborhood. The inmates of the adjacent lodge-house were long since wrapt in slumber; and the encounter, though desperate, was carried on silently—the thick, leaden air conveying no sound. The men were left to themselves to fight out the bitter conflict. Nothing was heard save the sickening thud of heavy blows given and returned with fearful distinctness.

The captain, though taken somewhat at a disadvantage at the beginning of the encounter, steadily gained on his powerful adversary. Though plainly a much lighter man than his antagonist, yet he towered his equal in height. It seemed, too, that his muscles and sinews were of steel. Gradually he had opened the offensive, and was now slowly, but surely, pressing his brawny foe backward, toward the wire railing girding the deep, black-bosomed basin. There was a hideous energy in that man's iron grip, as, inch by inch, he bore his antagonist backward. The fellow saw his danger—the evident meaning of the other, and now with a fierce desperation he sought to end the conflict by breaking away and tucking to flight—to flee from the danger which he had courted by the attack.

To this end he suddenly relaxed his hold, and dropping his full weight, bowed his head and endeavored to trip the other. For this maneuver he was rewarded by a fierce kick in the face which sent him backward and stunned, head foremost, into the snow. Like a hawk the young man pounced upon his prostrate foe, and clutching him by the throat, dragged him to the railing.

"Spare me—spare me, mars cap'en! Spare me! I was hired to—"

"Spare you? You black scoundrel! Never! Over with you—go!" exclaimed the young man, bending him backward. Then suddenly seizing him by the feet, with one vigorous shove he hurled him headlong over the railing into the dark, treacherous reservoir.

The wretched fellow—by his dialect, evidently a negro—gave one wild shriek as he flashed out of sight in the shadows below. In a second a half-thud and half-splash broke the stillness. The partly congealed, snow-rotten bosom of the basin gave way, and with a sudden plunge and a fearful stifling cry, the man sunk beneath the chilling waters.

Then all was still.

Panting heavily, the victor peered over into the dark reservoir.

"Miserable coward!" he muttered between his teeth. "Gone at last, have you? And at last we are square. You sought it, you fixed your own doom. You thought I had gold about me—ha! ha! Peace to your foul carcass beneath the ice!"

Turning at once, he rearranged his attire and took his way swiftly through the bare-armed trees, and passed out into the street by the wire bridge.

In a moment more he had found a passing omnibus, and was soon jolting back toward Old City.

It was now nearly twelve o'clock; the snow was still flying, flung hither and thither wildly by the hoarsely-trooping north wind.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE MIDNIGHT SOLILOQUY.

WE are not yet done with the occurrences of this eventful night—so cold, so raw, so never-to-be-forgotten! Yes, it was the same night still; and the rude winter wind blowing so bleak from the northwest sung dolefully around the splendid mansion of Thompson Floyd, Esq., just as it sighed and moaned, and piped and wailed around the humbler dwelling-places up the alley, nearly.

The hour was half-past eleven; all the lights were extinguished in the splendid Spruce street mansion save the one which glowed in the rich man's library.

In that apartment where everything was collected to contribute to the comfort and pander to the taste of a man of culture and of leisure sat the owner of the mansion.

Thompson Floyd was a tall, slender man of about fifty-five years of age. His face was long, thin and pale; his forehead narrow and high, was crowned with scattering gray locks, now awry and disordered. The countenance of the man showed anxiety and care—a remembrance of bitter things, perhaps; yet it was not an austere, unkind face. The emotions now playing over his countenance were varied and confused.

Directly in front of the gentleman, over the book-case, was the portrait of a dark-bearded, elegant-looking man, apparently of about forty years of age. He was represented as wearing the full uniform of an officer of the navy. But about that handsome face was an unmistakable air of a fast life, the mark of many sins of omission and commission.

The picture was elaborately mounted in a Florentine frame, magnificently carved and gilded. It was suspended from the wall by a red silken cord of a peculiar make and finish. This cord was of the finest mesh-work and of the costliest description. It was passed in a quadruple coil from the frame to the wall; and from each end depended a rich and rare tassel of gold and silver fringe.

The solitary occupant of the room at length lifted his head, and fixed his eyes upon the rich portrait.

"Ah! Kimcoly!" he muttered, rising slowly and beginning to pace the room with anxious, meditative steps.

"Unlucky day for me when you passed from earth, poor and penniless, leaving me such a charge! Never since the day when that dark-browed boy, my nephew, entered those doors have I felt the same man that I was before. Even as a boy his scowling face, his deep, meaning eyes haunted me and made me fear. Fear? And what? Trouble, trouble! Would to heaven that the sea had

ingulfed the boy, too!" he suddenly exclaimed, with a nervous energy.

A moment of silence ensued; but it was speedily broken by the old gentleman, who resumed:

"Yes; then I had been free to do as I wished with my own. But now and ever since the Levant went down and that black-haired boy darkened my doors I have been wretched. Why did fate so ordain it, that just when my cherished plans were perfected, when my darling—when Clinton, my noble adopted son, was beginning to love me, to creep closer to the heart of—of his best friend—poor boy!—his adopted father; ay! why then did this fiendish fate fling in my way that boy with the scowling brow, this, to the outside world, the real heir to my wealth. Curses on him! Curses on the day when the ship went down! Then such a legacy to a son! A rich one, forsooth, wherewith to battle with the world for fortune and success. And that fortune: a Venetian portrait, a cord of silk and a jeweled dagger! Bah!"

For a moment he glanced vindictively at the painted canvas before him. Again he resumed his restless promenade, his head bent, his thin white hands clasped convulsively behind him, his lips compressed, his eyes almost stony in their stare. At last he once more flung himself into his chair and sighing heavily murmured, abstractedly:

"Yes, darling Gertrude! I remember you yet; time cannot blot out your angel's face and your sunny curls from my memory. I hear your laughing voice, now; I feel your warm breath on my cheek; and, ah! righteous heaven, I hear even now to that low, plaintive wail, that dying moan, when I told you the cruel truth. Oh! I know that I was wrong, that pride and passion blinded me! I know— heaven curse me!—that I murdered my darling! Alas! I have fought the whirlwind and the storm which I provoked. And have I been purified in passing this mighty ordeal of heart-breaking woe! Yes; I feel it, I know it, I can now look calmly on her sweet face, and can kiss those mock lips—so unlike the real—quietly."

He drew from his bosom a small oval case of velvet, and opened it. Silently he gazed at what was contained within—a fair-haired, sky-eyed, girlish face.

An uncontrollable tremor shook the old man's frame, as he gazed his eyes to the miniature; but there came forth no cry, no sob, no moan from the anguished heart. The eyes slowly filled, great salt tears rolled down the wan cheeks, and a sigh as of a blessed relief broke from his bosom. Gently, yearningly, he pressed his lips to the voiceless "shadow," then he closed the case and hid it in his pocket.

"Ah! my lost Gertrude!" he murmured, "I have yet a link to bind me to you. Oh! how precious that link. And yet, my untarnished name and fame—untarnished!" he continued with a gasp. "Oh heaven! I cannot! I dare not! I—alas!" and he wrung his withered hands.

"I sometimes feel as though I would end all my sorrow at once; and yet, must I resort to it, as the great consoler and quietest! What a strange feeling came over me the other day, as I stood on the lofty rock beyond Fairmount, and gazed into the dark, rushing flood of the Schuylkill! Was it fancy that made me see beneath the surging torrent a vision of peace, of rest everlasting? No, no; such thoughts are cowardly; I'll banish them."

For several moments he strode without speaking up and down the room.

"Algeron Floyd is a deep, base-hearted man!" he suddenly muttered, his mind reverting to a former topic of thought. "His black, glittering eyes have a wicked look. He knows of my wealth, that I have no relative in a legal aspect, save himself; he knows, too, my love for my adopted son; he knows that I am master of my own, that when I die, my property will be by my expressed declarations go in bulk to my—dear Clinton, and but a small portion to himself. I do not like his manners of late; I distrust him! He must leave this house. I cannot absolutely turn him off, for poor Kimcoly's sake. I must remember him in my will. And I—Ha! what was that?"

He paused abruptly as a quick, sharp sound echoed without the back window. He sat upright and faced the window, but the noise came not again.

"I am nervous," muttered the old man after a moment's pause. "Twas only the old peach tree caw-sawing in the wind. No, I do not trust my nephew Algeron," he resumed as his brow contracted. "He keeps suspicious company, is out late at nights without ostensible reasons, and he casts greedy glances at my safe. He knows that I keep my will there; he knows, too, that if I die without a will, he will be a millionaire, and CLINTON PENNILESS! But," and his voice sunk to an excited whisper, "I'll thwart the ambitious rascal, if he thinks any such thing. I'll secure that document somewhere else."

He arose at once and strode toward a small iron safe in a corner of the room; at the same time he thrust his hand in a concealed pocket within his vest. He paused suddenly and searched this pocket, then, hurriedly, every other about his garments.

"The key is missing!" he muttered with a look of perplexity and uneasiness. "Only last night I placed it in its hiding place. Could I have lost it this morning at the Exchange? No; I am not so careless as that. I placed that key in my pocket, there to remain until I removed it. However, I am prepared for emergencies. I must put the extra spring on the lock; for twenty thousand dollars, and the will, are contained in that strong box. But I have another key."

He cautiously locked the door of the apartment, and lowered the light to the minutest point. For a moment the room was in darkness. When the light streamed on again, old Thompson Floyd was standing beneath the chandelier with a peculiar shaped key in his hand.

A moment and he was by the safe. He unlocked the ponderous door and slowly drew it open. He drew out a long, narrow drawer and from it took a small, copper-fastened box. This box was secured with two locks. By a dexterous touch the old gentleman unclasped the locks, and threw back the lid. He took out a long, neatly folded paper, bearing an indorsement in a clear, bold handwriting. He replaced the box in the drawer, the drawer in the safe, and closed the heavy door. For an entire minute he turned the key in the lock, each time eliciting from the resonant metal a peculiar clink. At last, with a satisfied air, he withdrew the key. Again he lowered the light for a moment. When it glared once more in the room, the old man was seating himself by the table.

But the key had disappeared.

Slowly Mr. Floyd spread out the folded sheet. Then holding it up to the light he read it through, word by word.

It was a brief document, and though old Thompson Floyd read slowly, it took him but a moment to finish. He spread the paper out before him.

"It is right," he ejaculated, "as right as my conscience would allow me to draw it. I could not neglect my adopted son; nor could I forget that Algeron Floyd was my brother's son. Heaven grant that I have done justice to both! Heigho!" he exclaimed after a pause, glancing at the clock. "So late! half-past twelve! Well, I am not sleepy; the house is empty, Clinton and Algeron are both away at the ball! Oh! the flash and folly there! But the time offers; I'll write my confession, for him, and place it with the will. When I am dead he can read both; but not until then. I'll strengthen my nerves a little, then to work."

He arose and approached a small steel-banded locker. From it he took a vial and a little out-glass decanter. From the vial he poured two teaspoonfuls of the liquid it contained into a wine-glass, which latter he half-filled with the contents of the decanter.

The vial was labeled *Tinct. Valer.*; the decanter held, as could be told by the peculiar aroma, Cognac brandy.

At one swallow the old man emptied the wine-glass, and after a few turns, up and down the room, re-seated himself by the table and began at once to write.

And there he sat. An hour passed and still old Thompson Floyd guided the creaking goose-quill over the sheets.

At last, with a weary yawn, he flung down the pen and pushed the MS. aside. Tears stood in the old man's eyes as slowly he took up the sheets and read them one by one. When he had finished, he folded them complacently together into a small, square package, and secured it by turns of a strong cord. Next he folded the long narrow document—the will—and made it to correspond in size and shape with the package of sheets. He paused, but almost instantly he took a pen and on the parcel of folded sheets he wrote a few words. From a drawer in the table he drew out several small squares of thin rubber and parchment. Placing the will and the sheets together, making a package two inches in size, he began to unfold them in alternate wrappings of the rubber and vellum, securing every third layer with a turn of twine.

Thus he continued until he had placed nine successive wrappers around the parcel. Compressing this between his hands, he bound it tightly with coil after coil of the strong cord.

Then he had finished his singular work, for he clipped the twine and laid the package aside.

The old man was almost exhausted as he bent his aged head over the table to rest himself. It was now almost one o'clock; but Mr. Floyd continued to rest his head on the table. He was asleep. How long he lay thus, he did not know; but he was suddenly awakened by a noise at the window. He quickly raised his head.

Like lightning he sprang to his feet. Half-way in the room, through the opened window, was the form of a heavy man. Wind and snow were blowing blindly into the room, and the gas-jet was flaring wildly—at times revealing everything, at times obscuring all objects.

There was no time to lose; the man was almost within the room. It was plain that he had once gained the window-sill, but had slipped—owing perhaps to the snow under his feet. It was thus that the noise which awakened the sleeper had been made.

The man's face was covered by a closely-fitting black mask; but the hands were bare, showing that the fellow was a white man. With his right hand he had grasped the ring in the shutter, while with his left he was clinging to the sill. A naked knife was clasped between his teeth.

Old Mr. Floyd grasped the iron poker by the grate, and at a bound sprang to the window. In a moment the heavy iron head descended upon the hand grasping the ring.

Flesh and blood could not stand that blow. With a howl of pain—the knife dropping from his mouth and falling inside the room—his bruised hand loosed its grasp; the left slowly relaxed its clutch, and, with a fearful imprecation, the man dashed backward into the darkness below.

The old gentleman picked up the knife. He glanced at it, and recoiled with a shudder, as he saw a name well known in the local annals of crime rudely cut upon the handle.

"My eyes are opened!" he muttered, in a tremulous tone. "This matter shall be attended to, and at an early day. But now to bed—to bed! to dream over the sad, yet happy past! Alas!"

## CHAPTER IX.

LOST AND WON.

BREATHLESSLY Fred Ashe and Alice Ray stood behind the shaking canvas away back in the rear of the huge Academy.

It will be remembered by the reader, that it was there we left the two, on the approach of new-comers who readily took the vacated seats. They did not secrete themselves for the purpose of listening, but only to let the promenaders pass.

Already a few words had been spoken by those who sat on the bench.

With a half-shudder and a vague tremor pervading her fragile form, Alice Ray turned to fly from the spot; but all was darkness around her. She could not have taken a step in any direction without attracting attention. In such an event a search would be sure to result awkwardly.

Dr. Ashe leaned over and whispered in her ear to restrain herself; then he took her little hand in his own strong grasp, to encourage and reassure her.

Thus they were forced to listen, as they stood shivering in the cold wind that rattled the scenes above them.

"Nay, nay!" said the lady, in a clear, silvery voice, as she nestled close to her escort on the bench; "you jump too readily at conclusions, Clinton. You are well aware that—"

"That you will have your own way in all things, Minerva, and so in this. But it matters not; I suppose you are right."

"I am right, Clinton. Fred Ashe is no friend of mine. He does not like me; and he shows it plainly, yes, rudely, whenever he gets an opportunity."

"Rudely, Minerva!" and the young man knit his brow. "Give me a single instance, and I'll see Dr. Ashe, and request him to explain."

He spoke very seriously.

"No; it does not matter. I care nothing for the impertinent, sneering fellow. You must have no trouble with him on my account."

There was a slight pause.

"I'll be frank with you, Minerva," said Clinton, at last. "Fred is a good fellow, and a dear good friend of mine—perhaps a slightly over-zealous one, but well meaning, nevertheless; and—well, in a word he thinks you are very worldly, too fashionable, and—"

"The presumptuous pup!" broke in the girl, with a hiss. "When and where did he get an opportunity to judge me?—and falsely at that! I hate him!"

"I am candid with you, Minerva, because I know that Fred judges you harshly. He even dissuaded me from escorting you to the ball, and thought it ungentle in me to break my engagement with Alice Ray!"



"No, didn't. Well, well; I'll be even with Fred Ashe, M. D., some day. But, Clinton, how would little Alice Ray have shone on your arm to-night?"

"Not like the elegant, peerless Minerva Clayton!" was the ardent, impulsive reply.

The banker's daughter bowed her head, as a half-blush swept over her voluptuous face. She trembled slightly, too—mayhap with the anticipation of a speedy and a glorious triumph. She suddenly looked up.

"I am assured of one thing, Clinton," she said; "and perhaps your mind, may be set at ease by my confiding it to you."

She paused and looked at him earnestly.

"Speak on, Minerva; tell me."

"Fred Ashe loves Alice Ray, the lumberman's daughter. He adores her; and she loves him!"

"What! I—?"

"Sh! hark! What is that?" whispered Minerva, as just then the rattling scenes shook violently.

Young Craig heard the noise; but it did not startle him in the least.

"It was a sudden gust of wind, Minerva. Can't you feel it?"

"Ah! yes; it was the wind. It is very chilly here."

She drew closer and more confidently toward the young man.

"Then come, we'll go, Minerva. You may—"

"No; keep still, Clinton," she interrupted, restraining him. "I am never cold or uncomfortable when in your company!"

The words were pointed and bold.

The young man colored; but the thrill that shot through his frame was delicious in the extreme.

"I am glad to know it, Minerva," he said, with some confusion. "Also that Alice Ray loves my friend, Dr. Ashe. To tell you the truth, and he hesitated, "we must manage to marry this little Ray girl to your enemy, the doctor, and I will then breathe freer."

"You! how?"

"Because, Minerva—well, I have more than once thought that Alice Ray has some regard for me."

Clinton Craig blushed like a woman.

"You rate yourself well, Clinton," said Minerva, rather coldly; she knew that the young man spoke the truth; and she was jealous of "little" Alice Ray—of every one who came between her ambitious self and the man whom she was working to win.

But was her love for that man genuine and self-sacrificing? Minerva asked herself this question as she sat there.

Again there was a pause.

"You, yourself, Minerva, once hinted the same to me," said the young man, somewhat resentfully.

"Yes; but I was simply talking for pastime. Enough, however, of Alice Ray; my word for it, she hates you; and I'll stake my life that she is even now engaged to Fred Ashe."

Again there was a violent shaking of the canvas; but the young folks paid no heed to it now; they knew it was nothing but the wind.

"I hope what you say is true, Minerva," remarked Clinton, emphatically.

To this the girl made no reply, but sat pondering for a moment. Suddenly she glanced toward her escort and said, slyly:

"Mr. Algernon Floyd—your cousin by adoption, Clinton—looked wondrously handsome and dignified to-night."

Young Craig started as though struck by a knife. He colored despite himself, and bit viciously at the ends of his sweeping mustache.

Minerva noticed his perturbation; she seemed to enjoy it.

"I could not refuse him, when he asked me so humbly, so gracefully to dance with him," she continued. "I fancy we did not make a bad looking couple, though truth be told, I like contrasts; his hair is black, so is mine. But yours, Clinton, is auburn."

These words were spoken in an insinuating, apparently artless tone, while the girl's dark eyes blazed into the young man's face.

Clinton Craig started. But a scowl passed over his face. His mind was occupied with other thoughts; it was filled with the image of his dark-browed cousin.

"I like not this fellow, Algernon Floyd!" he said, gruffly.

"Is it because he is less forward than yourself, Clinton?" asked the girl, quietly. "Is it because his uncle, his own flesh and blood, sees fit most unnaturally to cut him off from a just inheritance, and give the vast fortune which he has accumulated to one who is in nowise related to him—to you, Clinton, the creature of a whim?"

Clinton winced; he set his teeth hard together, but before he could reply, the girl continued earnestly:

"I tell you, my friend, that Algernon Floyd is no mean specimen of a man to insure a woman's heart; and—But then, unluckily dog!" and she checked herself, "he has no money."

She laughed lightly and scornfully.

Despite her laugh, however, she had spoken seriously, half-bitterly and enviously. Her words had found a lodgment in Clinton Craig's bosom. His brow contracted, for a moment a contemptuous sneer curled his lip and a glitter shone in his eyes.

Still Minerva laughed lightly, though she knew full well that she had gone too far, and had, under the impulse of the moment, oversteered the mark. But the girl looked surpassingly lovely as she stole her hand confidently into that of the handsome fellow who sat beside her. And that individual was not proof against such blandishment. At heart he loved the splendid woman, madly. His face slowly unwrinkled, the foreboding frown fled away, and a glad smile swept over it. He clasped the small, warm hand, and murmured softly:

"Money or not, Minerva, there is only one such maiden as you in the wide world!"

She attempted to withdraw her hand, but he held it fast.

"Nor can I think, Minerva," he continued earnestly, "that you value a man simply by the size of his purse, and the credit of his check. I am not to be blamed that my adopted father has seen fit, as all say, to make me heir to his fortune. Yet this is not absolutely known as a fact. I do not begrudge Algernon Floyd anything, and if I thought I could thus secure your favor, I would gladly have him receive the entire inheritance. But, Minerva, and his voice had a stern tone of warning, "Algernon Floyd is a bad man, an unscrupulous, wicked-hearted fellow. I have heard dark tales of him. Besides, my dear Minerva," and he clasped her hand more tightly, "he does not love you—love you as I do. Oh! forgive me, darling one! I could not restrain myself."

Minerva Clayton did not move, nor did she show the least sign of displeasure. She allowed her warm, throbbing hand to remain in his. Then quietly she slid her magnificent head to his shoulder, and let it nestle there.

"And do you love me, Clinton, dear Clinton?" she asked in a low, sweet voice, while she gazed tenderly at him.

"As life itself!" was the hot, impulsive re-

ply. "I worship you, darling! Speak, Minerva, speak just one word; Can you not, in some degree, at least, return my love? Speak, darling one!"

He stole his arm around her yielding waist.

"Do you love Alice Ray—love her in the least, Clinton?" asked the maiden, softly, never removing her glowing eyes from his face.

"Not in the least! Before God and man I pledge you that not a pulse of my heart thrills for Alice Ray!"

"Then, Clinton, I am yours, yours alone, yours forever!" was the burning exclamation, the whole passionate nature of the woman bursting forth, as she lifted her ripe virgin lips to his.

And Clinton Craig bowed his head of chestnut curls over that transcendently fascinating face, and kissed those warm, red lips.

Wrapt in love's embrace the two heeded not the violent rattling of the canvas near them; they cared not now for wind or calm. They were fairly adrift on the golden sun-lit sea of love, and they thought of naught save the balmy breezes that wafted them over its surface.

At length, gently disengaging himself from her embrace, the young man arose, and covering her half-bared shoulders with her downy opera hawl, said:

"Enough! Come, Minerva; I am happy now. Come, the Academy is being deserted. 'Tis two o'clock, and we must bend our way homeward."

The maiden arose languidly, and slipping her arm in his they walked away toward the noise and bustle of the ball.

As Minerva Clayton glided along by the side of her handsome escort she murmured softly, to herself:

"Won't you?"

But Clinton Craig heard her not; for her words were but a floating breath.

Then their footsteps ceased to echo in the long passage-way, and the brilliant couple had gone.

Quietly, slowly, from behind the friendly scene-shift stepped Fred Ashe.

Leaning on his arm, her head bowed, her limbs trembling, her gentle bosom heaving tumultuously, walked Alice Ray.

"Bear up, Alice!" whispered the young man, encouragingly. "I am your friend, your brother. He who has so basely, so cheaply flung his affections away is not worthy of you. Forget him, Alice!"

But poor Alice answered not his brave words of cheer; she simply murmured distractedly to herself:

"Lost! lost!"

They hurried away.

Like some grim phantom that haunts the night, suddenly, quietly, a tall figure emerged from the heavy shadows hanging over the obscure passage, and paused in the light of the solitary burner.

The straight pencil of light revealed the dark, saturnine features of Algernon Floyd. The fellow's face was half-wrinkled under an ominous scowl, and half-illuminated by a flash of victory.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, grimly. "He spoke ill of me; sh!; glittering Jeezabel spoke well of me! Shall I compass both? Can I? Ye gods!" he continued, with an oath. "To the brave, there's no such word as fail! Come! be still, my ambitious heart! for now the time of work has come!"

His mutterings died away as he turned and disappeared down the passage.

All was now bustle and confusion; the ball was on the wane; the hour was half-past two in the morning, and many eyes, so bright and flashing a few brief hours before, were now dull and lusterless.

The great event was near its close.

Shawls, furs, muffs, rubbers, etc., etc., were again in requisition; and carriages, stretching out almost an interminable length on Locust street, were departing moment by moment laden with their precious living freight.

Clinton Craig was in the coat-room hunting out the articles demanded by his check. Fred Ashe was there too, already buttoned up and gloved, prepared for the wintry weather without. The physician's face was sad and serious. But Clinton was all life and fire; his face was radiant with a well-won triumph.

At that moment, Algernon Floyd, lofty and gloomy, entered.

The room was crowded with bustling, hurrying beaux, old and young, and each one was intent on his own business.

The dark-browed Floyd walked by young Craig, and watching his opportunity, deliberately whisked his cane across the young man's check.

In an instant Craig's face was crimson; then it grew as pallid as a moonlit grave-stone as he looked up and saw Algernon Floyd.

"Please be careful, sir," he said, sternly, as the other passed.

"Careful!" sneered Floyd. "I was careful enough, my fancy fledgling, to strike you in the face—just as I intended to do."

Dr. Ashe heard all this. He moved promptly forward.

"Dirty bound that you are!" exclaimed Clinton, striding toward his insult.

Before the doctor could interfere, the two strong men had exchanged blows. There is no telling how the disgraceful affair would have terminated had not the bystanders separated the combatants.

"Shame on you, Algernon Floyd, to have provoked this disturbance!" exclaimed young Fred Ashe, with flushed cheeks.

Floyd's dusky face glowed with passion as he retorted:

"Wait till this is ended, sir, and I promise to accommodate you. As for you, Clinton Craig, you shall not escape this easily! I swear it!"

With a mocking bow, he strode proudly and defiantly toward the room.

Clinton Craig was trembling with passion, but he controlled himself; and linking his arm in that of his friend, he bowed and left the apartment.

Ten minutes later, apparently undisturbed, happy and exultant again, he was jolting away in a carriage with Minerva Clayton. And that peerless maiden, her hand in his, murmured slyly to herself:

"Won't you?"

But poor stricken Alice Ray, seated beside Dr. Ashe in the carriage that was conveying them homeward, only bowed her tearful face, and muttered:

"Lost! lost!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 333.)

An amusing story is told of a backwoodsman who saw a carpet for the first time in the house of a city friend. He first thought it was some kind of ornament—probably an oil painting; but, perceiving a bare place at the further end of the room, he stepped back a few paces, and, with a running jump, struck the floor about six inches from the carpet. When his heels struck the floor, he slipped and fell back, but quietly arose, looked complacently at the space he had leaped, and cried: "By gosh, I cleared her!"

## THE BATHER.

BY MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

Warm from her waist her girdle she unwound, And cast it down on the insensate turf; Then cooed, and cooed, and deep secluded vale, She sat down on the grass, though faint eyes, And stood with ear intent to catch each stir Of leaf or twig, or bird-wing rustling there. Her startled heart beat quicker even to hear The wild bee woo the blossom with a hymn, Or hidden insect break its lance of sound Against the odorless silence. Then she smiled, At her own fears amused, and knew herself God's own image by that hidden pool. Then from its bonds her wondrous hair she loosed, Hair glittering like spun glass, and bright as though Shalt full of dewdrops, down below Her supple waist the soft and shimmering coils Rolled in their bright abundance, golden as Than was the golden wonder Jason sought.

Her fair hands then, like white doves in a net, A moment fluttered and the shining threads, As with a dexterous touch she higher laid The gleaming tresses on her shapely head. Beyond the reach of rudely anorous waves, She sat down on the grass, and her hands, And dropped it downward with a blush that rose The higher as the garment lower fell.

Then she cast off the sandals from her feet, And passed upon the brink of that blue lake: A slight lean back, a slight nod or turn; An eye untempted in her Paradise.

The waters into which her young eyes looked, Gave back her image with so true a truth, She blushed to look, but blushing looked again—

As maidens to their mirrors oft return With bashful boldness, once again to gaze Upon the crystal page that renders back Themselves unto themselves, until their eyes Confess the love for their own loveliness.

Her rounded cheeks, in each of which had grown, With sudden blossoming, a fresh red rose, Then met her pink palms up above her head, And whelmed her white shape in the welcoming wave.

Around each lissome limb the waters twined, And with their liquid arms they held her form; And, as her hesitating bosom sunk To the caresses of bewildered waves, They foamy pearls from their own foreshades gave For her fair brow, and showered in her hair The evanescent diamonds of the deep.

Thus dallying with the circumfluent tide, Her loveliness half hidden, half revealed, An Undine with a soul, she plunged and rose, Whistled the white grooves of her rounded arms, She braided with the blue of wandering waves, And saw the shoulders of the billow yield Before the heat of her small hands, And laughed to see, and held her crimson mouth Above the crest of each advancing surge, Like a red blossom pendulous o'er a pool—

She had an instant in her small hands, Then met her pink palms up above her head, And whelmed her white shape in the welcoming wave.

From the translucent wave each beauty grew To strange perfection. Never statue wrought By cunning art to fulness of all grace, And kissed to life by love, could fairer seem Than she who stood upon that grassy slope, So fresh, so lissome, so human, so true, Out from the dusky clusters of the wood The sun-like winds stole with a saintly step, And dried the bright drops from her panting form, And she but once more let her small hands, The golden drapery of her glorious hair, That fell about her like some royal cloak, Drooped from the sunset's rare and radiant loom.

Black Eyes and Blue;

OR,

The Peril of Beauty and the Power of Purity.

A TALE OF COUNTRY AND CITY.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

CHAPTER XX—CONTINUED.

THE little party of eighteen hunters and one boy rode on, under the mild, hazy sunlight, keeping well together, their weapons in faultless order, their keen eyes glancing about them, and their spirits more exuberant than ever from that consciousness of possible danger which excites just enough to exhilarate. Floss fell back to his place behind Fraser Harold. His black eyes no longer glinted like daggers, but were filled with a yearning, troubled expression which would have puzzled the gay cavalier had he unwittingly surprised it.

Not an hour had passed when leisurely mounting a slight, billowy incline they saw before them a small herd of bison, leisurely grazing.

The temptation was irresistible.

The hunters were to the windward. They widened their belt and advanced with all possible caution in a half-circle, coming within almost shooting distance before the leader of the herd perceived his danger and gave the alarm.

The instant that the troop signaled danger, and broke, following into their lumbering gallop, which made the earth tremble and shake, the hunters dug their spurs into their animals' sides and dashed after them, swinging their rifles into range as they galloped. Their guide would not fire a shot. If the game was to be killed the amateurs should have all the glory.

In another half-hour three slain buffaloes cumbered the plain; the rest of the herd had disappeared in the purple mist of the Indian summer day, which was now gone past high noon; the successful hunters, in good spirits and with fearful appetites, gathered about the youngest of the three slain monsters from whose carcass one of the guides was cutting tempting morsels for another thrust on to pointed sticks and tossed over the coals of a fire kindled from the ruins of a cottonwood.

The aroma of coffee mingled with the odor of trampled grass and the pungent fragrance of wood-smoke. The tired horses were plunging their noses into the coarse but green grass which showed a little brighter along the edge of a brackish stream. The chief guide threw himself down on the highest point of land, keeping a sharp look-out that never entirely relaxed its vigilance, he having seen to it, at first, before anything was done toward dinner, that the rifles were all reloaded, and that each man held his weapons close at hand.

"I don't like this smoky weather," grumbled the chief; "a red-skin can creep within a hundred yards and we not see him. A hull cloud 'o'm mought be hanging over thar, an' we none the wiser."

He kept his uneasiness, however, pretty well to himself, and the half-finished hunters made a jolly meal. Floss ate his bit of meat, his cracker, and drank his tin cup of coffee in silence, near his master. He had two ship's biscuits handed to him, which he did not need just then, and so thrust them into the pocket of his wammus; for he knew, by experience, that it might be late before they found a suitable place to sup.

He rode very close to Fraser Harold that afternoon. Ever and anon he cast apprehensive glances toward the long, low range of hills which seemed so far away as ever. He had wanted to die, and he had desired the death of his master—but, ah, not that way—by those hands!—and he shuddered.

The sun lay low on the bosom of the west like a copper shield—the hills were entirely hidden from view by a purple curtain; the gallant hunters had begun to cast longing eyes about for some sign of a stream beside which to encamp.

"Boys!" suddenly yelled Bill, the leader, "try fer yonder gully—it will partially shelter us—the red-skins are swooping down on us, not a hundred rods away."

In fifteen minutes the whole brief, thrilling

episode was over—the young English snobs had been in a genuine skirmish with the Indians—an experience as novel as it was undesirable. Not one had showed the white feather.

Their New York friends—the dandies of the clubs—had borne themselves with equal courage. Oh, that the delicate-faced beauties peeping from behind the lace and silk of Fifth Avenue windows at certain elegant dawdlers sauntering by could have seen those same lipping dandies behind cover of the gully, taking aim at the yelling savages with the same coolness that they took aim at a new singer with their opera-glasses—their teeth a little set, their cheeks a little pale, but their eyes flashing dauntless fire, their fingers steady on the trigger.

That providential gully alone saved them from destruction. This gave them an advantage so great that the attacking party, four times their number, soon drew off, taking with them fifteen dead comrades. Of our gallant band "not one was injured," thought Bill, looking about him in triumph.

He was mistaken.

A moment after he had made his count some one reeled on his horse and fell to the ground.

It was Fraser Harold.

A cry of dismay went up from his friends, mingled with the wild, ringing, frantic shriek of the boy, who flung himself from his mustang, darted to the side of the fallen man, cast himself down and raised the drooping head—the beautiful, proud head, now falling from side to side like some broken flower—on his knee.

"Fraser! Fraser! oh, God! he is dying. Fraser!"

At the sound of his name called in that piercing, passionate, agonized voice, the wounded man opened his darkening eyes.

"Fraser, I am here. It is your little girl—your poor little girl. Do not die—look at me—speak to me—my darling!"

"Florence, is this you?" the words came with difficulty.

"Yes, yes. Do not be angry with me, my husband. Did you think I could keep away from you? let you go off here, into danger—Ah, heaven! he will die, in spite of all. Help! can none of you help him?" she piteously asked, turning her great dark eyes, full of misery, upon those who stood about, listening in wonder and agitation to the words of the two.

"Stand aside; let me see the wound," spoke the authoritative voice of the guide, kneeling on the ground beside the dying man and beginning to tear away the clothing from over his breast.

Harold feebly shook his head, and made a motion with his hand to indicate the flask in the hunter's belt.

Bill understood, and poured a few drops of brandy between the whitening lips. All of a sudden Harold raised himself to a sitting posture, speaking quite distinctly:

"Good-by, friends. I have just a word to say. This lady is my wife. She is entitled to your consideration. Tell my parents to—take care—of her. I leave her all my efforts—tell them so. My dear wife, I am sorry for you. Dying is not very hard"—he sunk back into Florence's arms, turned his glazing eyes upward to the broad heavens and expired, with a faint struggle; no more than the shivering of a leaf in the wind, and a human life was at an end.

Poor, poor, passionate, vain, undisciplined little Florence!

Six months before she had dreamed her idle, girlish dreams of life, as she hung over the rustic bridge of her native village.

Here she sat now, far, far from home or friends or any familiar thing, in the midst of a band of strange men—a widow.

Life, lived and over, in half a year!

Oh, the red rose she had placed, with trembling hand, on the window-sill! Oh, the summer moonlight among the trees of the park—the voice that whispered—the lips that kissed! Oh, the bliss of wifehood, too brief, too mingled with shame, suspense and anguish. Oh, the whispers of vanity, telling her she was fair—the stings of desertion hissing that her power was over! And now—this was the end of all—this dead face smiling on her knee, and she—a widow.

CHAPTER XXII.

A MEETING UNDER RAINY SKIES.

CHARLIE WARD passed several tiresome, dull, unhappy days after the flight of Florence. He had nothing to do but wait—the hardest of all work. He felt uneasy about Florence and restless to hear from Violet. Every pulse of his heart tingled with impatience to once more see, or hear a word from the fair girl to whom he had given his affections. In his worst imaginings of the persecutions to which Ethan Goldsborough might subject her, he had never conceived of anything half so bad as the reality.

But he knew that she must be lonely and ill at ease torn from those she loved, and he longed to hear from her. His joy was great, then, when, a week after his own departure had been sent, he received a brief message: "Come over, if possible, by first steamer. Will meet you in Paris," and signed by his tutor, Mr. Vernon.

The dispatch reached him on Friday; the following day he sailed on a French steamer for Havre. During the voyage, which was rapid and prosperous, his moods were about equally divided between exaltation and despondency. He might have been sent for because of misfortunes—he might have been sent for to share in their good fortune. Thus the scale ran up and down, while the days passed, until that memorable one on which he presented himself at the landing-office in Paris most frequented by Americans, and was just inquiring for the address of his friends, when Mr. Vernon came up to him and silently seized and pressed his hand.

Mr. Vernon, pale, worn, with an expression of the deepest dejection—the very sight of whose smileless face made Charlie's bounding heart quiver and stand still with a sudden, sharp certainty that something horrible had come to pass.

"What is it?" he asked, turning white, poor boy!

"Come out on the street. Let us find a bench in this garden. I cannot tell you in the presence of others."

Charlie followed silently by his side; his tongue was tied by a dreadful suspense—for the world, he could not have asked another question. They sat down on a rustic seat under a tree, with joyful children and coquetish women only in their vicinity; the lawyer took the young man's hand again in his own, and bursting into tears, sobbed out:

"Our darling girl is dead, Charles. She had nothing but trouble over there, and she killed herself."

"Killed herself!" mechanically.

"Yes. Her unnatural father took delight in making her miserable. Finally, to spite her, her mother, all of us, he forced her into a marriage with an old Jew baronet—the most detestable creature that ever coveted a pure young girl for his wife—she could not escape the two—"

"Oh," moaned Charlie, "you are killing me, too, Mr. Vernon, with this story. Oh, I cannot bear it."

"Man, that is born of woman, is prone to trouble as the sparks are to fly upward," continued Mr. Vernon. "Try to be a man, Charles, my dear boy. Her mother has had to endure it—and I. They dragged her to the altar, in a strange city, and forced her to sign the marriage register; then hurried her on board the Dover steamer, to take her to England, where the old baronet proposed passing the honeymoon. Knowing her to be desperate, and apprehensive that she might attempt to destroy herself, they would not leave her alone an instant. They had taken the evening boat, the day of the marriage, and about nine o'clock, as they sat, at her request, on deck, she, appearing very resigned and docile, with a lightning movement, leaped over the guards into the turbid waters of the Channel."

Charlie moaned and hid his face in his hands. It was several minutes before Mr. Vernon could proceed.

"They stopped the steamer and sent out all the boats at command; but the night was dark, the sea rough—they did not find her."

"Charlie," asked his companion, after a time, "would it be any comfort to you to hear that the bad man who had leagued with her father against our poor Violet was drowned in the effort to rescue her?"

"Oh, I don't know," was the



"Then you did throw yourself overboard from the steamer?"

"Yes—to escape Sir Israel. He came after me. The men picked me up, as by a miracle. It was thought I was dead for more than an hour; but a physician finally revived me. I was saved—and he—was swept under the vessel."

She shuddered, and grew silent. Charlie could see, even in that faint light, how wan, how almost ghastly, the sweet face had grown. Her father smiled grimly, as he sat by her side. To the young man he appeared like an inquisitor, torturing his victim to death, by slow degrees, and enjoying the process. His heart almost burst with indignation; he could hardly refrain from laying his hands on the large white throat of the man and squeezing some of the badness out of him.

The carriage drew up before a fine hotel.

"Do you propose to inflict your company upon me?" asked Mr. Goldborough, insolently. "Yes, sir, for a little while. I talked with your daughter Florence less than three weeks ago. She is a wife, now; and sent a message to you."

The smooth face of the scoundrel changed. He loved his daughter—there was no mistake about that!

"Married! my little girl a wife?" he said, huskily. "Come up to our parlor, Mr. Ward, and tell me about it."

Charlie entered the hotel with them, accompanying them to their private parlor on an upper floor. Mr. Goldborough ordered dinner to be served in the room, immediately; and, while the meal progressed, listened to what his guest had to tell him about his child. Charlie saw fit to tell only the favorable part of the story.

"Dumme, I might have known her bright eyes would catch her a rich husband in no time," commented the father, drinking glass after glass of champagne. Finally, coffee was placed, at the host's request, on the table; the elder man turned and stooped to pick up his napkin—the waiter had been dismissed with the appearance of the coffee—and Charlie seized the opportunity to drop a powder into his cup, which he had for some time been holding ready, in the hollow of his hand.

It was not half an hour after this before the wine, and the powerful but not dangerous opiate thus deftly administered, closed the eyes of the scheming banker in a profound sleep.

"Come, Violet, this is our opportunity. Your mother is in Paris. I will take you directly to her. We can gain the night train to Dover, if we leave here immediately. Will you trust yourself to me?"

"Will I trust an angel of light, Charlie, to save me from a demon?"

Burdened with very little baggage, light of heart, bright of countenance, with a delicious consciousness of coming bliss for which they were quite willing to bide a proper time,

"These lovers fled away into the storm," leaving the wicked father to labor with his opium-dreams.

"I was given that powder for the toothache, months ago," explained Charlie, laughing, when the train was once in motion and the young pair felt comparatively safe. "I would not take it, but placed it carefully in my wallet for future emergencies—and lo! there is a time for everything under the sun."

A railway train is swift, but a telegraphic message is more swift, and twenty minutes before the London night express arrived at its station in Dover, the chief of police at that point had received an order by the wires, reading thus: "Arrest a young couple, eloping; the lady about seventeen, fair complexion, blue eyes, an American; the young gentleman, brown eyes, hair ditto and curling, an American, name Ward. Detain the lady at least, on order of her father, who will go on for her by next train; she is not of age, consequently subject to his control. The young man can be allowed to proceed," and signed by the head of the London detective force.

Ethan Goldborough had aroused from his untimely slumbers in season to strike his venomous fangs once more, with a last desperate effort, into his innocent victims.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 330.)

## MY THOUGHT.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

"What is your thought like?"  
My thought is like a bubble-sphere  
That rises like a silver ball;  
It scarce can touch the buoyant air  
Except it burst and straightway fall.  
Could I but loose it from my brain  
And hold it forth in colors warm,  
Ah! then the Perfect Type would gain  
Its place on earth in every form!

## LA MASQUE,

### The Vailed Sorceress; OR, THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN.

A TALE OF ILLUSION, DELUSION, AND MYSTERY.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,  
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "THE TWIN SISTERS," "AN AWFUL MYSTERY,"  
"ERMINIE," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

The court-yard, unlike the city streets, swarmed with busy life. Pages, and attendants, and soldiers were moving hither and thither, or lounging about, preparing for the morning's journey to Oxford. Among the rest Sir Norman observed Hubert, lying very much at his ease wrapped in his cloak, on the ground, and chatting languidly with a pert and pretty attendant of the fair Mistress Stuart. He cut short his flirtation, however, abruptly enough, and sprang to his feet as he saw Sir Norman, while George immediately darted off and disappeared within the palace.

"Am I late, Hubert?" said his hurried questioner, as he drew the lad's arm within his own, and led him off out of hearing.

"I think not. The count," said Hubert, with laughing emphasis, "has not been visible since he entered your doorway, and there has been no message that I have heard of. Doubtless, now that George has arrived, the message will soon be here, for the royal procession starts within half an hour."

"Are you sure there is no trick, Hubert? Even now he may be with Leoline!"

Hubert shrugged his shoulders. "He may be; we must take our chance for that; but we have his royal word to the contrary. Not that I have much faith in that!" said Hubert, in parenthesis, "kings' promises and French porcelain being only made to be broken!"

"If he were king of the world instead of only England," cried Sir Norman, with flashing eyes, "he should not have Leoline while I wore a sword to defend her!"

"Regicide!" exclaimed Hubert, holding up

both hands in affected horror. "Do my ears deceive me! Is this the loyal and chivalrous Sir Norman Kingsley, ready to die for king and country?"

"Stuff and nonsense!" interrupted Sir Norman, impatiently. "Don't talk absurdly all the time, Hubert, if you can help it! I tell you any one, be he whom he may, that attempts to take Leoline from me, must reach her over my dead body!"

"Bravo! You ought to be a Frenchman, Sir Norman! And what if the lady herself, finding her dazzling suitor drop his barn-yard feathers, and soar over her head in his own eagle plumes, may not give you your *coup de couteau*, and usurp the place of pretty Madam Stuart?"

"You cold-blooded young villain! If you insinuate such a thing again, I'll throttle you! Leoline loves me, and me alone!"

"Doubtless she thinks so; but she has yet to learn she has a king for a suitor!"

"Bah! You are nothing but a nervous cynic," said Sir Norman, yet with an anxious and irritated look on his face, too. "What do you know of love?"

"More than you think, as pretty Mariette yonder could depose, if put upon oath. But, seriously, Sir Norman, I am afraid your case is of the most desperate; royal rivals are dangerous things!"

"Yet Charles has kind impulses, and has been known to do generous acts."

"Has he? You expect him, beyond doubt, to do precisely as he said; and if Leoline, different from all the rest of her sex, prefers the knight to the king, he will yield her unresistingly to you."

"I have nothing but his word for it!" said Sir Norman, in a distracted tone, "and, at present, can do nothing but bide my time. I am afraid Leoline will think we have deserted her altogether, and give herself up to despair."

"I have been thinking of that, too! I promised you, you know, when I left her, last night, that we would return before day-dawn and rescue her. The unhappy little beauty will doubtless think I have fallen into the tiger's jaws myself, and has half-wept her bright eyes out of this time!"

"My poor Leoline! And oh, Hubert, if you only knew what she is to you!"

"I do know! She told me she was my sister!"

Sir Norman looked at him in amazement.

"She told you, and you take it like this?"

"Certainly, I take it like this. How would you have me take it? It is nothing to go into hysterics about, after all!"

"Of all the cold-blooded young reptiles I ever saw," exclaimed Sir Norman, with infinite disgust, "you are the worst! If you were told you were to receive the crown of France to-morrow, you would probably open your eyes a trifle, and take it as you would a new cap!"

"Of course I would. I haven't lived in courts half my life to get up a scene for a small matter! Besides, I had an idea from the first moment I saw Leoline that she must be my sister, or something of that sort."

"And so you felt no emotion whatever on hearing it?"

"I don't know as I properly understand what you mean by emotions," said Hubert, reflectively. "But ye-es, I did feel somewhat pleased—she is so like me, and so uncommonly handsome!"

"Humph! there's a reason! Did she tell you how she discovered it herself?"

"Let me see—no—I think not—she simply mentioned the fact."

"She did not tell you either, I suppose that you had more sisters than herself?"

"More than herself? No. That would be a little too much of a good thing! One sister is quite enough for any reasonable mortal."

"But there were two more, my good young friend!"

"Is it possible?" said Hubert, in a tone that betrayed not the slightest symptom of emotion. "Who are they?"

Sir Norman paused an instant, combating a strong temptation to seize the phlegmatic page by the collar, and give him such another shaking as he would not get over for a week to come; but suddenly recollecting he was Leoline's brother, and by the same token a marquis or thereabouts, he merely paused to cast a withering look upon him and walk on.

"Well," said Hubert, "I am waiting to be told."

"You may wait, then," said Sir Norman, with a smothered growl; "and I give you joy when I tell you. Such extra communicativeness to one so stolid could do no good!"

"But I am not stolid! I am in a perfect agony of anxiety," said Hubert, making a grimace to represent the agony. "Tell me all about it, Sir Norman—it is as little as you can do for your new brother."

"You young jackanapes!" said Sir Norman, half-laughing, half-incensed. "It were a wise deed and a godly one to take you by the hind leg and nape of the neck, and pitch you over your wall; but for your sister's sake I will desist."

"Which of them?" inquired Hubert, with provoking gravity.

"It would be more to the point if you asked me who the others were, I think!"

"So I have, and you merely abused me for it. But, I think I know one of them without being told. It is that other *fac-simile* of Leoline and myself who died in the robber's ruin!"

"Exactly. You and she, and Leoline, were twins!"

"And who is the other?"

"Her name is La Masque! Have you ever heard it?"

"La Masque! Nonsense!" exclaimed Hubert, with some energy in his voice, at last. "You but jest, Sir Norman Kingsley!"

"No such thing! It is a positive fact! She told me the whole story herself!"

"And what is the whole story; and why did she not tell it to me instead of you?"

"She told it to Leoline, thinking, probably, she had the most sense; and she told it to me, as Leoline's future husband. It is somewhat long to relate, but it will help to beguile the time while we are waiting for the royal summons."

And hereupon, Sir Norman, without further preface, launched into a rapid *resumé* of La Masque's story, feeling the cold chill with which he had witnessed it creep over him as he narrated her fearful end. Hubert listened, with his dark eyes fixed on the ground, and his face a perfect blank wall for all the emotion or excitement it expressed.

"It struck me," concluded Sir Norman, "that it would be better to secure any papers she might possess at once, lest, by accident, they should fall into other hands; so I rode there directly, and, in spite of the cantankerous old porter, searched diligently, like the woman after the goat, until I found them. Here they are," said Sir Norman, drawing forth the roll.

"A voluminous packet, you perceive; and every one worth a thousand times its weight in gold!"

"And what do you intend doing with them?" inquired Hubert, glancing at them with an unmoved countenance.

"Show them to the king, and, through his mediation with Louis, obtain for you the restoration of your rights."

"And do you think his majesty will give himself so much trouble for the Earl of Rochester's page?"

"I think he will take the trouble to see justice done, or at least he ought to. If he declines, we will take the matter in our own hands, my Hubert; and you and I will seek Louis ourselves. Please God, the Earl of Rochester's page will yet wear the coronet of the De Montmorencis!"

"And the sister of a marquis will be no unworthy mate even for a Kingsley," said Hubert, in his careless way, taking Sir Norman's enthusiasm with stoical indifference. "Has La Masque left nothing for her?"

"Do you see this casket?" tapping the one of carved brass dangling from his belt; "well, it is full of jewels worth a king's ransom. I found them in a drawer of La Masque's house, with directions that they were to be given to her sisters at her death. Miranda being dead, I presume they are all Leoline's now."

"This is a queer business all together!" said Hubert, musingly; "and I am greatly mistaken if King Louis will not regard it as a very pretty little work of fiction, much more suited to the ancient days of harpers and troubadours, than to the seventeenth century."

"But I have proofs, lad! The authenticity of these papers cannot be doubted."

"With all my heart. I have no objection to be made a marquis of, and go back to *la belle France*, out of this land of plague and fog. Won't some of my friends here be astonished when they hear it, particularly the Earl of Rochester, when he finds out that he has had a marquis for a page! Ah, here comes George, and bearing a summons from Count L'Estrange, at last."

Hubert guessed aright. George approached, and intimated that Sir Norman was to follow him to the presence of his master.

"Aw-ree, then," said Hubert. "You will find me here when you come back."

Sir Norman, with a slight tremor of the nerve at what was to come, followed the king's page through halls and ante-rooms, full of liveries, courtiers and their attendants. Once a hand was laid on his shoulder, a laughing voice met his ear, and the Earl of Rochester stood beside him!

"Good-morning, Sir Norman; you are abroad betimes. How have you left your friend, the Count L'Estrange?"

"Your lordship has probably seen him since I have, and should be able to answer that question best."

"And how does his suit progress with the pretty Leoline?" went on the gay earl. "I faith, Kingsley, I never saw such a charming little beauty; and I shall do combat with you yet—with both the count and yourself, and outwit the pair of you!"

"Permit me to differ from your lordship. Leoline would not touch you with a pair of tongs."

"Ah! she has better taste than you give her credit for; but if I should fail, I know what to do to console myself."

"May I ask what?"

"Yes! there is Hubert, as like her as two peas in a pod. I shall dress him up in lace and silks, and gawgaws, and have a Leoline of my own already made to order."

"Permit me to doubt that, too! Hubert is as much lost to you as Leoline!"

Leaving the volatile earl to put what construction pleased him best on this last sententious remark, he resumed his march after George, and was ushered, at last, into an ante-room near the audience-chamber. Count L'Estrange, still attired as Count L'Estrange, stood near a window overlooking the court-yard, and as the page saluted and withdrew, he turned round and greeted Sir Norman with his suavest air.

"The appointed hour is passed, Sir Norman Kingsley, but that is partly your own fault. Your guide hither tells me that you stopped for some time at the house of a fortune-teller, known as La Masque. Why was this?"

"I was forced to stop on most important business," answered the knight, still resolved to treat him as the count, until it should please him to doff his incognito, "of which you shall hear anon. Just now, our business is with Leoline."

"True! And as in a short time I start with yonder cavalcade, there is but little time to lose. Apropos—Kingsley, who is that mysterious woman, La Masque?"

"She is, or was, (for she is dead now,) a French lady, of noble birth, and the sister of Leoline!"

"Her sister! And have you then discovered Leoline's history?"

"I have!"

"And her name?"

"And her name. She is Leoline De Montmorency! And with the proudest blood of France in her veins living obscure and unknown—a stranger in a strange land since childhood; but, with God's grace and your help, I hope to see her restored to all she has lost, before long."

"You know me, then?" said his companion, half-smiling.

"Yes, your majesty," answered Sir Norman, bowing low before the king.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### PINIS.

As the last glimpse of moonlight and of Hubert's bright face vanished, Leoline took to pacing up and down the room in a most conflicting and exciting state of mind. So many things had happened during the past night; so rapid and unprecedented had been the course of events; so changed had her whole life become within the last twelve hours, that when she came to think it all over it fairly made her giddy.

Dressing for her bridal; the terrible announcement of Prudence; the death-like swoon; the awakening at the plague-pit; the maniac flight through the streets; the cold plunge in the river; her rescue; her interview with Sir Norman; and her promise; the visit of La Masque; the journey home; the coming of Hubert, and their suddenly-discovered relationship. It was enough to stun any one; and the end was not yet. Would Hubert effect his escape? Would they be able to free her? What place was this, and who was Count L'Estrange? It was a great deal easier to propound this catechism to herself than to find answers to her own questions; and so she walked up and down, worrying her pretty little head with all sorts of anxieties, until it was a perfect miracle that softening of the brain did not ensue.

Her feet gave out sooner than her brain, though; and she got so tired before long, that she dropped into a seat, with a long-drawn, anxious sigh. She listened for some noise—some token—that might give her an idea, however faint, what manner of place this was; but she listened in vain; and, worn out with fatigue and watching, she, at last, fell unconsciously asleep.

And sleeping, she dreamed. It seemed to

her that the count and Sir Norman were before her, in her chamber in the old house on London Bridge, tossing her heart between them like a sort of shuttlecock, while La Masque stood grinning horribly with her skeleton-mouth, and looking out of her skeleton-eyes. By-and-by, with two things like two drumsticks, they began hammering away at the poor little fluttering heart, as if it were an anvil and they were a pair of blacksmiths, while the loud knocks upon it resounded through the room. Gradually, the knocking grew so loud that Leoline awoke in affright—

awoke to find it not all a dream. For, though the palpitating heart was throbbing away in short pulses, safe and sound, under her pink-satin corsage, the knocking still continued, echoing strangely through the silent room. For a time she was so bewildered that she could not comprehend what it meant; but, at last, she became conscious that some one was rapping at the door. Pressing one hand over her startled heart, she called: "Come in!" and the door opened and George entered.

"Count L'Estrange commands me to inform you, fair lady, that he will do himself the pleasure of visiting you immediately, with Sir Norman Kingsley, if you are prepared to receive them."

Leoline opened her bright black eyes so wide at this announcement, that George repeated his message more emphatically than before.

"With Sir Norman Kingsley!" repeated Leoline, faintly. "I—I am afraid I do not quite understand."

"Then you will not be much longer in that deplorable state," said George, backing out, "for here they are."

He vanished as he spoke, and instantaneously Leoline saw in his place the bland face of Count L'Estrange, and right behind that of Sir Norman Kingsley. In a violent tremor and agitation she arose, and with pale face, parted lips and dilated eyes waited for what was to come.

"Pardon this intrusion, fairest Leoline," began the count, "but Sir Norman and I are about to start on a journey, and before we go there is a little difference of opinion between us that you are to settle."

Leoline looked first at one and then at the other, utterly bewildered. The count's impassive face said nothing, but in Sir Norman's smiling eyes there was a world of encouragement.

"What is it?" she asked.

"A simple matter enough. Last evening, if you recollect, you were my promised bride."

"It was against my will," said Leoline, boldly, though her voice shook. "You and Prudence made me."

"Nay, Leoline, you wrong me. I, at least, used no compulsion."

"You know better! You haunted me continually; you gave me no peace at all; and I would just have married you to get rid of you."

"And you never loved me?"

"I never did."

"A frank confession! Did you, then, love any one else?"

The dark eyes fell, and the roseate glow again tinged the pearly face.

"Mute!" said the count, with an almost imperceptible smile. "Look up, Leoline, and speak."

But Leoline would do neither. With all her momentary daring gone, she stood shy and startled as a wild gazelle.

"Shall I answer for her, Sir Count?" exclaimed Sir Norman, his own cheek flushed. "Leoline! Leoline! you love me!"

Leoline was silent; but there was a quick uplifting of the sweeping eyelashes that spoke encyclopedias.

"You are to decide between us, Leoline. Though the count forcibly brought you here, he has been generous enough to grant this. Say, then, which of us you love best."

"I do not love him at all," said Leoline, with a little disdain, "and he knows it."

"Then it is I!" said Sir Norman, his whole face beaming with delight.

"It is you!"

Glancing askance at the count under her drooping eyelids, Leoline held out both hands to the loved one, and nestled close to his side, as a child would to its protector.

"Fairly rejected!" said the count, with a passing shade of mortification on his brow; "and, my word being pledged, I must submit. But, beautiful Leoline, you have yet to learn whom you have discarded."

Clinging to her lover's arm, the girl grew white with undefined apprehension. Leisurely the count removed false wig, false eyebrows, false beard; and a face well-known to Leoline, from pictures and descriptions, turned full upon her.

"Sire!" she cried, in terror, falling on her knees with clasped hands.

"Nay; rise, fair Leoline," said the king, holding out his hand to assist her. "It is my place to kneel to one so lovely, instead of having her kneel to me. Think again. Will you reject the king as you did the count?"

"Pardon, your majesty!" said Leoline, scarcely daring to look up; "but I must!"

"So be it! You are a perfect miracle of truth and constancy, and I think I can afford to be generous for once. In fifteen minutes we start for Oxford, and you must accompany us as Lady Kingsley. In anticipation of some such result as this, I have left behind me orders. A tiring woman will wait upon you to robe you for your bridal. We will leave you now, and let me join expedition."

And while she still stood too much astonished by the sudden proposal to answer, both were gone, and in their place stood a smiling lady's lady, with a cloud of gossamer white in her arms.

"Are those for me?" inquired Leoline, looking at them, and trying to comprehend that it was all real.

"They are for you—sent by Mistress Stuart herself. Please sit down, and all will be ready in a trice."

And in a trice all was ready. The shining, jetty curls were smoothed, and fell in a glossy shower, trained with jewels—the pearls Leoline herself still wore. The rose satin was discarded for another of bridal white, perfect of fit, and splendid of texture. A great gossamer veil fell like a cloud of silver mist over all, from head to foot; and Leoline was shown herself in a mirror, and in the sudden transformation, could have exclaimed, with the unfortunate lady in Mother Goose, shorn of her tresses when in balmy slumber: "As sure as I'm a little woman, this is none of it!" But she it was, nevertheless, who stood listening like one in a trance, to the enthusiastic praises of her waiting-maid.

Again there was a tap at the door. This time the attendant opened it, and George reappeared. Even he stood for a moment looking at the silver-shining vision, and so lost in admiration that he almost forgot his message. But when Leoline turned the light of her beautiful eyes inquiringly upon him, he managed to remember it, and announced that he had been sent by the king to usher her to the royal pre-

sence. With a fast-throbbing heart, flushed cheeks, and brilliant eyes, the dazzling bride followed him, unconscious that she had never looked so incomparably before in her life. It was but a few hours since she had dressed for another bridal; and what wonderful things had occurred since then—her whole destiny had changed in a night. Not quite sure yet but that she was still dreaming, she followed on—saw George throw open the great doors of the audience-chamber, and found herself suddenly in what seemed to her a vast concourse of people. At the upper end of the apartment was a brilliant group of ladies, with the king's beautiful favorite in their midst; and here and there, along its length, were many others, gossiping with knots of gentlemen. The king himself stood in the recess of a window, with his brother, the Duke of York, the Earl of Rochester, and Sir Norman Kingsley, and was laughing and relating animatedly to the two peers the whole story. Leoline noticed this, and noticed, too, that all wore traveling-dresses—most of the ladies, indeed, being attired in riding-habits; and then, as a profound silence fell, and all eyes turned scrutinizingly upon her as she entered, she stopped in embarrassment, glowing like the heart of a June rose.

The king himself advanced to her rescue. Drawing her arm within his, he led her up and presented her to the fair Stuart, who received her with smiling graciousness; though Leoline, all unused to court ways, and aware of the lovely lady's questionable position, returned it almost with cold hauteur. Charles being in an unusually gracious mood, only smiled as he noticed it, and introduced her next to his brother of York, and her former short acquaintance, Rochester.

"There's no need, I presume, to make you acquainted with this other gentleman," said Charles, with a laughing glance at Sir Norman. "Kingsley, stand forward and receive your bride. My Lord of Canterbury, we await your good offices."

The bland bishop, in surplice and state, and book in hand, stepped from a distant group, and advanced. Sir Norman, with a flush on his cheek, and an exultant light in his eyes, took the hand of his beautiful bride, who stood lovely, and blushing, and downcast, the envy and admiration of all. And

"Before the bishop now they stand,  
The bridegroom and the bride;  
And who shall paint what lovers feel  
In this, their hour of pride?"

Who, indeed? Like many other pleasant things in this world, it requires to be felt to be appreciated; and, for that reason, it is a subject on which the unworthy chronicler is altogether incompetent to speak. The first words of the ceremony dropped from the prelate's urbane lips, and Sir Norman's heart danced a tarantula within him. "Wilt thou?" inquired the bishop, blandly, and slipped a plain gold ring on one pretty finger of Leoline's hand; and all heard the old, old formula: "What God hath put together, let no man put asunder!" And the whole mystic right was over. Leoline gave one earnest glance at the ring on her finger. Long ago, slaves wore rings as the sign of their bondage—is it for the same reason married women wear them now? While she yet looked half-doubtfully at it, she was surrounded, congratulated, and stunned with a sudden clamor of voices; and then, through it all, she heard the well-remembered voice of Count L'Estrange, saying:

"My lords and ladies, time is on the wing, and the sun is already half an hour high! Off with you all to the court-yard, and mount, while Lady Kingsley changes her wedding-gear for robes more befitting travel, and joins us there."

With a low obeisance to the king, the lovely bride hastened away after one of the favorite's attendants, to do as he directed, and don a riding-suit. In ten minutes after, when the royal cavalcade started, she turned from the pest-stricken city, too—and fairest, where all was fair, by Sir Norman's side rode Leoline.

Sitting one winter night by a glorious winter fire, while the snow and hail lashed the windows, and the wind roared like Bottom, the weaver, without, a pleasant voice whispered the foregoing tale. Here, as it paused abruptly, and seemed to have done with the whole thing, I naturally began to ask questions. What happened the dwarf and his companions? What became of Hubert? Did Sir Norman and Lady Kingsley go to Devonshire, and did either of them die of the plague? I felt myself, when I said it, that the last suggestion was beneath contempt, and so a withering look from the face opposite proved; but the voice was obliging enough to answer the rest of my queries. The dwarf and his cronies being put into his majesty's jail of Newgate, where the plague was raging fearfully, they all died in a week, and so managed to cheat the executioner. Hubert went to France, and laid his claims before the royal Louis, who, not being able to do otherwise, was graciously pleased to acknowledge them; and Hubert became the Marquis de Montmorency, and in the fullness of time took unto himself a wife, even of the daughters of the land, and lived happy for ever after.



BY JOE JOT, JR.

## II—HUNTING THE BUFFALO

"Now then, Pete," said Ned, "you promised to show us some game."

"Does he think we *eat* the heads?" asked Will, laughing.

with the best, and what is more, made a capital shot. Richard's bullet was flattened against the frontal bone of the leading bull; the second plunged forward with Ned's ball in his shoulder while a third dropped dead in his tracks before the unerring aim of Pete."

looked on calmly, caring nothing for the disgrace of his comrade. Then they returned to the schooner, and before nightfall, with their trophies, they were outside the reefs, heading toward Colombo, where they meant to land for supplies.

BY MARY REED CROWELL

"Alice King—so that's old Mr. Maijoram's granddaughter's name? I'd heard of Felix before—but nobody ever told me when the Maijoram estate came so mysteriously, so suddenly to me—that I had beggared a girl with the

He with little Miss Warren and old Mr. Dayton had the *entree* of Felix's delightful little sitting room, and Alice had learned, in these days and weeks of friendly companionship, to look upon Mr. Kenneth as—well, as somebody

"Alice, it almost makes me tremble to think

“*Let go your halliards!*” yelled the mate. For one moment she was on her beam-ends the main-yard-arm under water, and a cry of consternation rose from many throats. All hands were now on deck clinging to the shrouds and rigging. Spars, gratings, buckets

Since that time I have been very careful to "get foul" of a "Lascar."